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Cambria Freeman.

JAS. C. HASSON, Editor and Proprietor.

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$1.50 and postage per year in advance.

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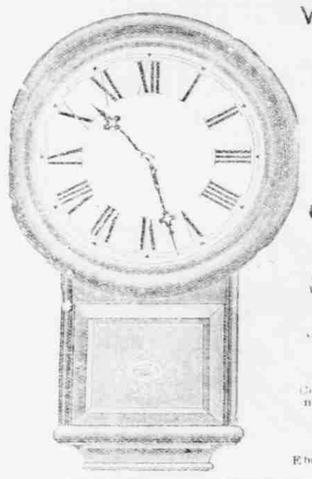

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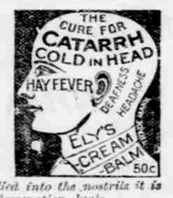

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☞Ladies waited on at their residences.
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1794. 1891.
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AGENT FOR THE
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Ebensburg, July 21, 1882.

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Main Street, Near Post Office

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Your patronage solicited.
FEES BROS.

NOT A BOSTON GIRL.

I seal the letter, write her name—
It's very dear to me—
And then I add, beneath the same
Two letters—M and D.

I see you smile in quick disdain.
You think of glasses, too,
And little curls. It's very plain
What "M. D." means to you.

But she is neither stern nor cold,
As you perhaps may think.
She's young and fair, not grim and old,
Nor does she scatter ink

On notes of lessons that are said
Before a learned class;
And from her dainty lips of red
No long orations pass.

The only studies that she reads
Are letters that I write;
The only lectures that she heeds
Are those that I indite.

You wonder how it all may be,
And do not understand?
She lives in Baltimore. "Md."
Means, simply, "Maryland."
—James G. Burnett, in Century.

A SHOOTING MATCH.

Story of the Love Affairs of Mary, Ben and Dan'l.

"I ain't much on the shoot, now," said the old man, as he tenderly hung his squirrel rifle on the deerhorn hooks over the door, "but when I was a youngster there wan't no man er boy in Poor Fork Valley that could shoot alongside of me. Narry a one," and the old man sighed heavily. "But," he continued, "this gittin' old knocks the edge off a man's eyesight, and makes his hand so trembly that he can't even take a drink of liquor without wastin' half of it; and as fer shootin' us old fellers might as well try to hit center with a maul at a hundred yards."

The visitor, to whom this conversation was addressed, made a few desultory and incongruous remarks, and the old man resumed his talk, pretty much as if nothing at all had been said, which it was mostly.

"I never got beat but once," he went on, with a good-humored reminiscent chuckle, "and that was by a feller that hadn't sense enough skeercely to go in out of the rain. Leastways that's what I thought when the match come off. He didn't live in my neighborhood, but he had a farm about twenty-mile furder up the Fork, and I had a habit of goin' up thar to see a mighty likely gal, that was darter to the man that owned the place next to the chap that beat me at the shootin'. The old man's name was Squire Higgins, and the gal's name was Mary. Mary's a purty name, and Mary was a purty gal. Nothin' on the Fork was a patchin' to that gal, and I wanted her bad enough to go up thar sparkin' about twict a week durin' of a mighty hard winter, when it was cold enough to freeze the knobs off a bureau. Mary kinder liked me, too. Liked me better-in' any of the other young fellers that was hangin' round, exceptin' Ben Wilkins, and it was neck and neck betwixt me and Ben. Ben was her neighbor, and the same feller I had the shootin' match with. I never could see how she stuck to Ben, he was so doggoned freckled-faced and sun-burnt and sandy-headed and ignorant-like and fooler than Thompson's colt, but you can't tell about a woman, and thar wasn't no goin' back on the solemn fact, that ef Ben didn't git out of my way I was never goin' to git the gal, and it was most nigh as certain that ef somethin' didn't happen to me, Ben wasn't goin' to git her neither. It was close runnin', mister, and the gal settin' on the fence, aggin' us on. That's another weakness woman has; I mean these young women that has her choice, like Mary Higgins. Wan't no danger of her fillin' a maiden's grave, even ef me and Ben both got put out of the way.

"One mornin' when I was on the road headin' up the Fork, towards Squire Higgins' farm, I met Ben comin' down with a load of hay, and I'd been goin' to see Mary then for mighty nigh a year.

"'Howdy, Ben?' said I, friendly enough.

"'Howdy', Dan'l,' said he to me.

"'Fair to middlin',' says I.

"'Goin' up to the squire's, I reckon?' says he, questionin'.

"'That's what,' says I, speakin' as if I had the rights to.

"'Mary ain't home,' says he.

"'Who said anything about Mary?' says I, gittin' red 'round the years.

"'The way you're go'in',' says he, with a grin.

"'What's that to you?' says I, not over polite, I reckon.

"'Nothin',' says he; 'but ef you want to see her, you'd better go down to mother's. She's down thar to a quiltin'.'

"Ben grinned again and I got purty mad, but not enough to hurt anybody, and says I to him:

"'Ben Wilkins,' says I, 'have you got a gun?'

"'You don't want to fight, do you?' says he, backin' off kinder, fer I thought he was skeert, and mebbe he was.

"'No,' says I; 'but I want Mary Higgins.'

"'So do I,' says he.

"Then it cleared up a bit, and we both looked at each other sorter sheepish and grinned, fer before this we hadn't ever had no understandin'.

"'Now as we know what we want,' says I, 'we orter have it settled on short notice who's to git it, and ef you air agreeable we'll settle it to the satisfaction of all parties at intrust, as the lawyers say.'

"'How?' says he.

"'We can't both have her, kin we?' says I.

"'Not accordin' to law,' says he.

"'Ner no way,' says I.

"'I reckon not,' says he.

"'Then s'posin' we have a shootin' match fer her,' says I.

"'I ain't agreeable to that,' says he.

"'Fer why?' says I.

"'You air handier than me with a gun,' says he.

"'Some mebbe,' says I, 'umble enough, 'but I'll give you twenty-five yards advantage, and that'll about make it even.'

"Well, after talkin' fer half an hour er more, we fixed up a shootin' match, fer next day, on Ben's farm, fer he was skeert to go anywheres else, and I rid back home, and next forenoon I was on hand feelin' as slick as a whistle, fer I was gamblin' on gittin' Mary. Nobody was to know anything about our settlement, and when I seed Ben, he was settin' on the fence, about a quarter of a mile from his house, with his gun across his lap, lookin' lonesomer than a cat in a rainstorm. Thar was an old frame barn standin' by itself in the field, and we went over to it to have a quiet place for the closin' arrangements. It had a pile of loose straw in it, and as we sot thar talkin', I seed a knot-hole in the plank about two inches across, and I ast him ef it wouldn't make a good enough mark with the straw inside to ketch the bullets. You see I was doin' the most of the engineerin', fer Ben was that shook up he didn't seem to know his head from a hole in the ground. He said he thought the knot-hole would do, so we went outside and it was like as ef it had been put thar a purpose.

"We stepped off a hundred yards fust, and druv a pin down, and then went on twenty-five yards and druv another, and me and Ben took our places. We was to shoot ten times apiece, me five and Ben five, turn about, and neither of us was to go nigh the other to illustrate him during the shootin'. I was feelin' in regular shootin' trim, and when I shot my five I knowed Ben was goin' to have to do some mighty tall shootin' 'er lose the gal. We went to the mark together and pegged up three holes, not half an inch from the knothole, and two bullets had gone smack through, leavin' no sign.

"Then Ben he took his turn, and I was shore I seen him shake when he sighted his gun, but he shot off his five, and we went up to see what he had done—and what do you think, mister? There wasn't the sign of a bullet hole anywheres!

"I looked at Ben and he looked at me.

"'You ain't shootin' very spry today,' says he, grinnin'.

"'You air,' says I, lookin' ugly and feelin' my holts on Mary slippin'.

"Next round I was dead sot on doin' my level best and I put three balls through the hole and scraped the edges with the other two.

"Ben was lookin' peakid, and I seed his knees wabblin', but he braced up and went back to settle who should have the gal, and it 'peared to me like as if he was takin' till Christmas to fire them five shots. He got it done at last, though, and we walked up to the mark kinder unsartin, both of us, but thar wasn't any need of it."

"Did you win?" broke in the visitor, in a high state of excitement and interest.

"Nary win, mister," chuckled the old man. "That sandy-headed, thumb-headed cuss had sent every one of his five bullets smack through the knot-hole and thar wasn't the sign of a scratch anywheres in sight.

"That ended it fer me, both fer shootin' and fer the gal, and I rid home feelin' like a saw log had fell on me butt end fo'most, and Ben went lopin' acrost the field to'ds Squire Higgins'.

"About a month after the shootin' match Ben and Mary was hitched and I was to the hitchin' feelin' a good deal pearter than I did the day Ben beat me, an' gettin' some consolation out of a new gal, jist moved onto the Fork. But I couldn't quite git over Ben's beatin' me shootin'.

"Along about midnight, I had to go home, and as I started to git on my hoss, Mary followed me out on the porch.

"'Dan'l,' says she, kinder cooin' and soft like, 'you won't git mad at me ef I tell you somethin', will you?'

"'Of course not, Mary,' says I. 'Nothin' you could say er do would make me mad at you.'

"'Well, then, Dan'l,' says she, shakin' some, fer I was holdin' her hand and knowed, 'when you and Ben had that shootin' match fer me, Ben didn't have no bullets in his gun. They was just wads.'

"Well, sir, you could a-knocked me down with a splinter, and I got hot all over, but I shet my jaws down hard fer a minute and held in, thinkin' about them wads.

"'And he didn't beat me shootin', after all?' says I, feelin' mighty good over it, all at once.

"'No, he didn't,' says she, pattin' me on the arm like as ef she was my mother.

"'But he got you,' says I, droppin' back a peg er two.

"'Yes,' says she, 'but I put him up to it, Dan'l.'

"Then she smiled till I thought the sun was raisin', and I throwed my arms right 'round her and says I:

"'Mary,' says I, 'you've got more sense than Ben and me put together, pertickerly me, and I'm glad you've got the one you wanted,' and with that I jumped on my hoss and rid lickety split fer home, and when I got thar I jist hugged that rifle of mine as ef it had been Mary Higgins."

* * * * * * *

"Dan'l," called the old man's wife from the kitchen at this point, "supper's ready."

"So air we, Lizzie," he said, rising.

The visitor looked at him inquiringly as he rose to accompany him supperward.

"Yes," smiled the old man, "she's the same that was the new gal on the Fork the night Mary and Ben got hitched."—W. J. Lampton, in Detroit Free Press.

A Wonderful Spinster of Old.

Spinster Annie Maria von Schurmann was the name of a woman who lived at Utrecht during the sixteenth century. She was so learned a woman that all men of science of that day considered her a marvel. She spoke German, French, English, Italian, Latin, Greek and Hebrew with equal facility and even understood the Syrian, Chaldaic, Arabic and Ethiopian tongues. Astronomy, geography, philosophy and theology were her special hobbies and she wrote many interesting pamphlets on these subjects. Aside from this she was a painter, sculptor and engraver of high degree and played and devised several musical instruments. She was held in high esteem by and corresponded with many of the prominent savants of the age, even with Richelieu, Queen Anne of France, Elizabeth of Poland and Christine of Sweden. She died unmarried at the age of seventy-two.

Order of the Garter.

The insignia of the Order of the Garter are: A gold medallion of St. George and the dragon, suspended from a blue ribbon; the garter itself, of dark blue velvet; a blue velvet mantle, lined with taffeta, with the star of the order embroidered on the left breast; a hood and surcoat of crimson velvet and a hat of black velvet; a collar of gold weighing thirty ounces, and the star with the cross of St. George in the center encircled by the garter.

THAT PRETTY WIDOW.

Why Her Marriage Was a Disappointment to Mr. Lynmore.

"Roasted quails, waiter, half a dozen oysters and a bottle of your best Moselle—that will do, I think, and for dessert—"

"Yes, sir," quoth the white-aproned attendant, obsequiously.

"A few white grapes and an Italian cream. And waiter!"

"Sir!"

"Don't forget plenty of olives."

"No, sir."

And the waiter whisked out of the room with the peculiar bustling movement that belongs to the genus, while Mr. Gustavus Lynmore quietly walked up to the bright anthracite fire and stood stroking his mustache before the mantel mirror with a face expressive of the mildest contentment with himself and all the world beside.

"Upon my word," soliloquized Mr. Lynmore, eying himself complacently, "there's a good deal in—well, I won't say cheek, for it's a vulgar word—confidence is at once more elegant and more expressive.

"Now here I am, Gustavus Adolphus Lynmore, without ten dollars in my pocket and without as much as that in any banking establishment, and yet I walk into the first hotel in the city, order the most expensive dinners and insist on the most elegant rooms. And what's more, I get 'em.

"Hello! here's a gray hair in my mustache! Gustavus Adolphus, you're getting on in life, my boy; it's time you were thinking of settling yourself. Confound gray hairs!"

Mr. Lynmore plucked out the offensive thread of silver, and strolled up and down the room in some perturbation, pausing finally at the window, and looking abstractedly out upon the tide of life flowing on in the great thoroughfare below, and the white glimmer of the marble walls opposite.

"By Jupiter, that's a pretty woman!"

He stopped short, transfixed by sudden admiration, as the afternoon sunshine, slanting in direct beams of murky gold into the second-story windows opposite, lighted up a bright head bending over some absorbing bit of fancy work.

"Much obliged to you, my friend, the sunshine," pondered Gustavus. "An opera glass couldn't be better. Black dress, loops of black ribbon at the throat, fastened by a jet clasp—aha! a young widow! And beautiful enough to drive a fellow distracted!

"Upon my word, that woman wouldn't discredit the name of Mrs. Lynmore. Wonder if she's rich? She must be, though, to live in the parlor floor of the Celandine hotel. Women can't play the confidence game as men do; they're obliged to have some sort of a base to start from.

"Oh, she must be rich; there can't be a shadow of doubt about it—rich and pretty, and a widow. Gustavus, my boy, you must see about this—there's undoubtedly an opportunity for you!

"Hello! a tow-headed little boy, as sure as I'm a living sinner, with his head on the pretty crape shoulder! Confound all incumbrances, say I; but then, perhaps, it wouldn't make so very much difference if there was plenty of cash in the locker. I really must take this matter into consideration. What's that, waiter? Dinner? Very well—let it be served at once!"

Mr. Lynmore sat down with an appetite that was enhanced by an occasional glimpse of the golden head and rosy cheeks at the window across the way.

"There—she sees me," he pondered. "She sees me, for I saw her smile behind those lovely golden ringlets—and now she has vanished from the casement. Hello, waiter!"

"Sir!"

"The fourth window on the left-hand side, parlor floor, at the Celandine—I've an idea it would be a very nice room to have, in case I leave this hotel—"

"Yes, sir," said the waiter, coughing doubtfully behind his hand, and secretly hoping that so very stylish a gentleman would remain at the St. Aubrey.

"I suppose you can tell me the number of the room."

"Certainly, sir—I used to be hall boy at the Celandine, sir, afore I came here—fourth window on the left-hand side, sir, parlor floor—why, it's No. 29."

"Twenty-nine, eh? thank you, waiter, I'm very much obliged to you."

Half an hour or so afterward Mr. Lynmore strolled accidentally into a Broadway florist's establishment.

"Jansen, I want a very choice bouquet."

"Certainly, Mr. Lynmore — what style?"

"Well, plenty of white flowers—you know how to express that sort of thing—humble devotion and unobtrusive admiration."

"Yes, sir, I comprehend—I'll endeavor to put the sentiment into shape," replied the aesthetic florist, carefully writing down the order in a red morocco-bound book. "I suppose you are aware we charge extra for these ideal bouquets?"

"Expense is no object," said Lynmore, turning loftily away. "Send it to No. 29 Celandine hotel this evening."

"Mr. Lynmore—if I might venture to remind you of the little bill you left unliquidated here, a year ago—"

"Bill? oh, yes—how could I be so careless! I'll certainly attend to it immediately, Jansen—much obliged to you for reminding me of it."

The next morning Mr. Lynmore had the gratification of seeing his "ideal bouquet" in a Parian vase between the lace draperies in the fourth window on the left-hand side—and, moreover, of beholding the pretty widow's Grecian nose occasionally dipping daintily among the fragrant blossoms, with the bright hair falling around like a mist of gold.

"I must find out who she is," thought Gustavus. "But the question is, how to do it! I can't go over to the Celandine because I boarded there six weeks last year, and came away without paying my bill."

"As I live," thought Gustavus, elevating his eyebrows, "there's Jenkisson rushing across the street like a racehorse. Now I never run—if there's anything plebeian it's haste; but Jenkisson was always eccentric. He's coming here—eh—what! lifting his hat to the divinity at the Celandine! He knows her, as sure as the world!"

And Gustavus Lynmore, forgetting his recent sweeping condemnation of haste, ran downstairs into the reading-room and clapped his old acquaintance cordially on the shoulder.

"Jenkisson! old fellow, what brings you here?"

"How d'ye do, Lynmore? Excuse me, but I'm in a hurry. Steamer sails at twelve, and it's after eleven now. Is that baggage ready, Mike?"

"I only want to know who that lady is that you bowed to just now."

"O! Why, it's Harry Burke's widow; Harry Burke that went off to California and made a fortune and died there two years ago."

"Rich, eh?"

"Rich as Cœsus. But I say, Gus, you needn't go to making eyes at her; it's no use, for—. Carriage ready, eh? Well, good-by, Gus!"

Mr. Lynmore strolled out upon the portico, smiling amiably the while, to reconnoiter the passers-by, and display his unexceptionable costume.

"What a very nice little boy!" said Gustavus, stooping to pick up the hoop-stick that had rolled close to the step, and restoring it with a caress. "What's your name?"

"Harry Burke," lisped the tow-headed boy, looking shyly at the affable stranger, from behind his eyebrows.

"Harry, eh? a very pretty name," pursued Gustavus, patting the tow-head. "And doesn't Harry want to go and take a walk with me?"

"No!"

"Not if we go to a candy store, and afterwards to a toy shop?"

Harry Burke's seven-year-old integrity was not proof against such glittering temptations as these; he succumbed at once and trotted off, hand in hand, with the enticing stranger.

Master Harry, all unconscious of the dreadful fate awaiting him, went home to his mamma in a high state of stickiness from various candies, and loaded down with toys, and directly afterwards a bouquet of rosebuds arrived, containing Mr. Lynmore's aristocratically engraved card.

"Dear me, how polite," said the lovely widow, dimpling and blushing. "But, then, darling Harry wins all hearts!"

Darling Harry, forsooth!

The next day Harry went to the park, and a new volume of poems in tinted paper and creamy Turkey binding was sent to Harry's mamma; the next day a pearl ring was intrusted to the youth for his mother; the next a pony was hired for Harry to ride, and that evening a diamond of the purest water, set in a narrow hoop of gold, was sent up to room No. 29 with Mr. Lynmore's compliments. Nor did the lovely widow spurn these gifts.

"That settles the matter," quoth Gustavus Adolphus, decidedly. "To-morrow I'll take Harry to the menagerie, and in the evening I'll call, landlord or no landlord, and declare my sentiments. We have read each other's eyes long ago.

Mr. Lynmore endured the zoological exhibition with the utmost calmness and philosophy, and when the last serpent was safely coiled up in his iron cage, went home with the rejoicing Harry.

"For I really must wind this thing up," soliloquized Gustavus. "I've run entirely out of cash, and, what's more, I'm over head and ears in debt for the bouquets and rings, and all these incidental expenses, including the brat. My darling," he said aloud, in a honeyed voice, "will you ask your mamma if she will please favor me with a brief interview?"

Five minutes passed away—five nervous, interminable minutes—while Mr. Lynmore sat in mortal dread of the apparition of the landlord of the Celandine hotel, and apprehensive as to what reception might be accorded to his message. Presently, however, Master Harry came jumping down, two steps at a time.

"Mamma says, will you please to come up?"

Mr. Lynmore promptly followed his small guide up the stairs, his heart thumping behind his pearl-colored waistcoat.

"Here he is, mamma!" bawled the boy, flinging the door wide open.

There stood the golden-haired beauty in a lustrous dress of the richest white silk, and there, moreover, stood a tall, dashing-looking gentleman. Gustavus Adolphus stood rooted to the floor.

"I am so glad to meet you, Mr. Lynmore," lisped the lady, extending her hand, "and to introduce to you Mr. Wyndham, my husband."

"Your—hus—band!"

"Yes—we were married this morning; and I was so much obliged to you for taking dear little Harry out of the way! You see, children are objectionable at such a time."

Gustavus opened his lips and shut them, spasmodically, without uttering a word.

"And," went on the blue-eyed divinity, with merciless sweetness: "I have laid aside every one of your elegant presents for dear little Harry until he is old enough to appreciate them. We are going to take the sweet child to Europe with us to-morrow, but I'm sure he'll never forget his kind friend."

Mr. Lynmore bowed mechanically, and got out of the room, he never exactly knew how. One thing connected with his retreat, however, he had disagreeable occasion to remember.

"That little bill of mine, you'll recollect, Mr. Lynmore," said a husky voice, close in his ear: "If it's convenient to settle—"

"But it isn't convenient," groaned Lynmore, with a bitter recollection of the diamond ring and the hothouse flowers.

"Oh, very well. Here, Jennings!"

And Mr. Lynmore, the cosmopolitan, found himself arrested on the charge of attempting to defraud the landlord of the Celandine hotel out of the paltry sum of two hundred dollars.

So ended his courtship; and so ended, at least for the time being, his dreams of "marrying rich."—Boston Globe.

Afraid of a Big Magnet.

We have heard of a bold and costly undertaking which an eminent personage, still living, projected in his youth, says the Saturday Review. He caused a magnet to be built of such size and power as had not yet been imagined. It was his intention to charge this gigantic object without witnesses, so as to enjoy the unparalleled result in selfish solitude. Happily, a great authority called at the moment and received an invitation to assist. When he saw the preparations his face paled. Neither he nor anyone else could foretell what would happen if that twenty-foot magnet were set to work; but it was probable, at least, that the house would fall. The thing still remains uncharged, or did a few years ago.

THE FLOWERS WITH FACES.

What are your thoughts as you blossom, sweet flowers,
And bask in the sunshine through bright summer days?
Smiling and growing through many long hours,
Uplifting your faces to greet the sun's rays.

What do I see in your sweet little faces?
Dainty they are in their tints manifold.
Lessons for all in the world's busy places,
Colors blue, white, royal purple and gold.

Smiling though drear be the weather and cheerless,
Lifting your heads to the rain's cooling shower:
Gem of the flowery creation—thou'rt peerless;
Surely has Flora blessed thee with a dower.

Thy resting-place lowly, still upward thou'rt gazing,
Thy magnet the sun, and thy balm fresh'ning showers;
Fair example of purity! All should be praising
This loveliest one of the summer's fair flowers.

Give me pansies all shades, from the white to the golden,
The purple and blue and each hue that they wear.
For no others I care. Oh! their dainty sweet faces
In life and in death my affections shall share.
—Ada Maria Pitts, in Ladies' Home Journal.

HIS ROMANCE.

It Is That of an Old Head But a Young Heart.

This is the romance of a middle-aged man—the romance of an old head and a young heart. I am gray-haired and forty, and yet as I sit at my desk in the gloomy little office of Harman's mill, a face comes between my eyes and the columns of figures in the dusty ledgers—a young face with clear, bright eyes—and I fall into a day-dream and forget that I am old and poor and commonplace.

She is the only child of Jere Harman, the millionaire mill-owner, and as gentle and good as she is beautiful.

I have watched her grow into womanhood. I have watched her character deepening and widening and developing toward the ideal of my dreams.

And all these years I have been learning to love her.

Surely love is not wholly wasted though it is hopeless. I am a better man that I have loved Nellie Harman.

No. I build no air-castles.

I am forty and she eighteen.

I am only her father's bookkeeper and she is the heiress of millions.

There was a time when little Nellie Harman rode on my shoulder, hunted my pockets for goodies, and escaped her nurse's charge several times a day to toddle down to the mill in search of "her Jack Spencer." Daily she brought her school tasks, the incorrigible Latin verbs and the unconquerable examples in fractions, to the same old friend, who was never too busy to be bothered by little Nellie Harman.

She is as unaffected and cordial in her friendliness as ever, and sometimes when she lays her hand on my arm and looks up into my face and asks why I come so seldom to the hall, and have I grown tired of old friends, of her—then I find it hard to answer lightly, to smile calmly, and I go away with a heartache.

The girl does not lack for friends. Grim, stern old Jere Harman's little bright-faced child, motherless since her babyhood, long ago found a tender spot in the hearts of the village folk. In the cottages her face is as welcome as sunshine. The children hang on her gown, the women sing her praises, and the roughest mill hand has always a civil word for her, and a lift of the cap as she passes.

She has her young friends, too, among the country gentlefolk. Young Harry Desmond is often at the hall. It is rumored that he is the fortunate suitor of Jere Harman's heiress. He is a fresh-faced, good-hearted lad. Love is for youth, and they are young together.

Gray-haired Jack Spencer, what have you to do with "love's young dream?"

The strike!

The mill is shut down and the strikers gather in knots along the village street and discuss the situation. The cut-rates have caused the trouble. Jere Harman is a hard man and a hard master. He holds the fate of these people in his hands. A few cents less to them, a few dollars more to him. This seemed to him to settle the question. The times were dull—he would reduce wages. The Harman mill operatives went out in a body.

The first day of the strike Big John, the weaver, who headed the strikers, came to Jere Harman with a delegation to arbitrate the matter.

To them Harman said: "Return to work at my terms or stay out and starve. Monday I hire new hands if you are not back in your places. As long as I own this mill I shall be master here."

This was his final answer, and no words of mine, no warnings of the murmurs and threats that grow and deepen among the men, will shake his will.

There is talk of firing the mill among the mad-brained ones, but Big John shakes his head.

"That were chopping the nose off to spite the face, men. If the mill were burnt how would that help us to work and wages? Nay; it must be other means."

"Aye, we must live; but if we do not get our rights by fair means we will have them by foul," cried another.

They mean mischief. I have warned Jere Harman, but he will not heed.

The strike is over.

The night is ended, and I sit alone in the office in the gray dawn, sick and dizzy with the horrors of the night's experience. I shut my eyes and the picture stands out before me—the dark night, the hall with its lights glowing out through the windows, the gray party of young people in the drawing-room; the gleam of the torches outside, the mob of desperate men, the angry, upturned faces. There was a tramp of feet, hoarse shouts, and a stone crashed through a window and shattered the chandelier.

The music stopped with a discordant crash. There was instant confusion, and above it all there were the hoarse cries for Jere Harman.

I sprang through the piazza window and faced the men. They knew me well, and Big John shouted:

"We've naught against you, John Spencer. We mean no harm to any, but the master must hear us. Bring out the master!"

"Come, like honest men, in daylight, and talk it over calmly," I urged; "not at night, like a mob of ruffians with stones for arguments."

Jere Harman had come out to them. They greeted him with an angry shout:

"We are to be put off no longer. Is it our rights by fair means or by foul, Jere Harman?"

"Your rights—" began Jere Harman in his harsh stern voice. I saw that Nellie Harman had slipped out to her father's side and laid her hand pleadingly on his shoulder. She did not fear the angry men, for willingly not one of them would have harmed a hair of her dainty head. I saw that she would have pleaded with her father to be gentle with them.

"Yes, our rights!" yelled a voice in the crowd, with an awful oath. He was drunken or blind with rage—surely he did not see the girl at her father's side. A stone whizzed through the air. It might have been Jere Harman's death-blow; instead, it struck her. It cut a great, cruel gash just above the temple.

They sprang toward her—her friends, her lover—but Nellie Harman put her two hands out to me with a sharp gasping cry.

"Jack, Jack!" she said, and I caught her in my arms.

I have lived over the agony, the joy, of that moment, all through the long, lonely hours of this night.

It was Big John himself who brought the doctor and cried like a child when they told him she was dying. His little crippled child she had loved and cared for, and it had died in her arms. "Aye, and that harm should have come to her, who was more good and innocent of wrong than the angels!" muttered Big John, brokenly, as he went away softened and sorrowful.

Jere Harman sent me out to tell the men that he had yielded, and in the silence of death they went away.

The strike is over.

As I sit here in the gray dawn, waiting, fearing, dreading the coming of the morning and the news it may bring, I hear the clatter of horses' hoofs. It is a servant from the Hall riding to the village on some errand.

"What news?" I call out hoarsely, and learn that the worst is over and that she will live.

Nellie Harman hovered between life and death for long weeks, and I worked as I had never worked before. Jere Harman left much of the management of the mill in my hands, and I put heart and brain in the work or I should have gone mad in those weeks with the longing to see her face. When she was well again I spent many evenings at the Hall, talking business with her father, who came seldom to the office in those days. He had broken in health with the recent troubles and had lost energy, but he was gentler and kinder than of old.

Harry Desmond was always there. I was but a dull guest. I could not endure his light-heartedness, the triumph in his eyes, the happiness in his laugh. I could not endure that he should call her by name or smile on her.

I was a mad fool!

I told Jere Harman that I must go away; that I must have rest, change—a vacation. Gordon, the young foreman, could take my place, I urged, and he consented, though grudgingly.

The last evening I promised him to spend at the hall and go over the accounts with him.

Never had Nellie been brighter or gayer. I felt a vague pang that my going was so little to her.

It was early when Desmond left, and I immediately rose to go. Jere Harman grasped my hand cordially in farewell, and Nellie said simply "Good-by," and I went down the path slowly and sadly.

Suddenly I heard a light, flying step behind me as I reached the shadow of the trees.

It was Nellie.

I stepped back in the darkness. She stopped, as if listening, and then came toward me.

"I thought I should overtake you," she whispered, slipping her arm through mine. "Did you think I could let you go away to-night without a last word?" There was something in her voice, a tenderness, that explained all. She had come out to meet her lover, Desmond, and mistaken me for him in the darkness. But to have her so near was very sweet. She seemed not to care for speech. She was very still—just clasping my arm and leaning ever so gently against my shoulder. The temptation was great—I was going away—just to take away with me the memory of a moment's heaven!

I kissed her.

"Forgive me," I pleaded, desperately. "You thought me your lover, Desmond, and I was cruel, mad, to take that kiss. Nellie, forgive me."

"But I kissed *you*, Jack," she whispered. "And you won't go—oh, Jack! you won't go when I love you so

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, CAMBRIA CO., PA.

FRIDAY, - - - - JUNE 23, 1893.

GOVERNOR MCKINLEY'S renomination by the Republicans of Ohio, while a compliment to him, is not a source of enthusiastic confidence to many Republicans in the Buckeye state, who say that his re-election will involve a bitter fight, with almost certain defeat.

PRESIDENT AYLESWORTH, of Drake university, Des Moines, having accepted a nomination for Governor from the Iowa Prohibitionists, the trustees have requested him to drop either the nomination or the college Presidency, as they do not want the institution drawn into politics.

THE unfortunate error which a mercantile agency's local representative made in telephoning the failure of the City Savings Bank, of Chattanooga, Tenn., instead of the Penny Savings Bank, defunct with small liabilities, caused a run on the latter solid institution and its final assignment. Assets, $475,000; liabilities, $225,000, of which $216,000 is due depositors, who will be paid in full.

THE peach growers' association of Delaware, with headquarters at Dover, have sent out circulars with respect to the peach crop outlook. From present appearances, they say it will be very large and amply sufficient to supply every town in the country if the dealers will make arrangements for handling the fruit. To this end they invite communication from dealers in all sections of the country.

FROM July 1 to 3, the state of New York will formally dedicate the monuments she has erected on the Gettysburg battlefield. The crowd that will be in attendance is expected to be immense. General Daniel Butterfield, who was Meade's chief of staff at this battle, has been selected as the chief marshal of the procession on July 2, when the main dedicatory exercises will be held in the National cemetary.

THE first conference of the manufacturers and representatives of the Amalgamated Association of iron and Steel Workers over the scale, which the Amalgamated convention adopted at its convention last week and which if agreed to by the mill owners will hold good during the coming year, has occurred. The scale was not signed, and a manufacturer said that it never would be unless the Amalgamated people came to terms which the mill owners demand.

SAMUEL BLATCHFORD Associate Justice of the United States Supreme court has been stricken with paralysis at his cottage on Greenouth place, R. I. It is thought he cannot recover, and his family have been told to prepare for the worst. It is understood from reliable authority that he had three light shocks in Washington before leaving, and when he arrived last week it was noticed that he was feeble and that he gave evidence of having suffered from paralytic shocks. It is thought that he can live but a few weeks. No one is allowed to see him.

IT is now nearly a week since the special force of 20 examiners was set at work by Commissioners of Pensions Lochren overhauling the papers in all cases of pensions granted under the Disability act of 1890. There have been more than 1000 cases revised, and it is declared that at least 25 per cent of the pensioners who have been benefitted by Order No. 164 will be dropped from the rolls. The figures thus far secured warrant the statement that the pensions of 150,000 persons, granted under this interpretation of the pension law, will either be stopped or reduced.

A SPECIAL from the City of Mexico says the town of Uzermatlan has been visited by a terrible waterspout, which resulted in loss of life and great damage. The waterspout burst unexpectedly over the town at midnight. It a few minutes the flood had covered the entire town, the water rising to the height of four feet inside the houses. The people were panic stricken, and in attempting to escape from the flood many men, women, and children were drowned. A great many families were made homeless, and the city council of the place has issued an appeal asking other towns to come to their relief.

CHIEF JUSTICE FULLER and Associate Justices Burns and Allen, constituting the United States Court of Appeals, at Chicago on Saturday decided that the World's Fair could be opened on Sundays. They revoked the injunction closing the gates on the Sabbath, by a unanimous decision, holding that the United States Government had no right to interefere in the matter. The Fair will now be open every Sunday. The anti-openers can do nothing more than appeal to the United States Supreme Court, and as that body does not convene until October, this would practically be useless.

THE trial of Lizzie Borden at New Bedford Mass., for the murder of her father and stepmother, at their home in Fall River, last August, came to an end on Tuesday by a verdict of acquittal. Thus ends one of the most notable murder trials that ever took place in this country. The murders were committed in broad daylight, in a house in a town where people were liable to be passing at any time and notwithstanding Lizzie was suspected by the police from the first, all efforts on their part to fasten the crime upon her have been futile and the murder remains enveloped in mystery. When the verdict was rendered a cheer went up from the vast throng of spectators and the woman thus declared innocent of the terrible crime, fainted.

IN order to act understandingly with reference to any matter, says the Philadelphia *Record*, it is necessary to know something about it. Although the silver question is now one of the uppermost topics of discussion in all parts of the country, it is painful to observe how many writers and speakers betray their ignorance of facts. Secretary Carlisle, who is a master of the art of lucid statement, in his little silver brief on the operation of the Sherman law, has managed to present an array of figures which make their own argument. The loss to the government on the purchased bullion now stored in its vaults by reason of depreciation in value is $1,888,530. The silver certificates issued in payment for this bullion, though they are worth $10,888,530 less than their face value, have nearly all been presented at the sub treasuries and redeemed in gold, the gold having been sent out of the country in payment of balances due to foreigners.

Is it any wonder that this sort of financering has earned for us distrust at home and abroad? "How long the government shall thus be compelled to purchase silver bullion and increase the public debt by issuing coin obligations for it is a question," as Secretary Carlisle sententiously observes, "which Congress alone can answer." The unfortunate condition which paralyzes business in all parts of the country ought to be full of instruction for Congress.

ACCORDING to "Bradstreet's," shipments of wheat, including flour, from both coasts of the United States last week amounted to 3,834,000 bushels—a quantity that has been exceeded only in two previous weeks since the close of last year. Similar exports tor the whole of May were only 1,000,000 bushels less than for the corresponding month last year; and the weekly totals this month have been running ahead of those of last season. Cotton exports in May were larger by 6,566,949 pounds in amount and $486,464 in value than were the shipments in May, 1892; and so far this mouth over 11,000 bales more cotton have gone abroad than in the corresponding period last year. Corn exports are all enlarging, as a result of a deficiency of feeding crops in Europe. This tendency to improvement in the export trade may be relied upon to bring about an early reversal of the merchandise balances, which for several months past have been so heavily in favor of the Old World.

SENATOR QUAY, discussing the business situation, says "the people are distrustful and they don't know why," and to this he attributes whatever alarm exists in the business and industrial interests of the country at the present moment. He believes that an extra session of Congress will bring the only sure relief and establish confidence in the minds of the people. He endorses President Cleveland's views as respects the duty of the people in the matter of strengthening the government in the present situation saying: "I think Mr. Cleveland expresses the think very clearly when he says that the people should have confidence in the government and their country. The lack of confidence is productive of much in the way of trouble. It really invites danger. Mr. Cleveland says that coolness and calmness in financial circles and study and reflection among the people are essentials. He is right, there"

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND has agreed to act as arbitrator between Brazil and the Argentine Confederation for the settlement of a disputed boundry involving the possession of the province of Parana. In thinking of this course, the two South American republics have set an example which would be of inestimable advantage if it should be imitated by all the other governments on the American continents. The hot blooded people of South and Central America have spent one half their time and treasure since their emancipation from European control in unnecessary mutual warfare. Arbitration has the advantage of substituting fair play for main strength in settling disputes, insuring justice to the weaker party. Besides, it is humane, economical and involves no sacrafice of prestige or honor.

PROFESSOR SCHAEFFER, the new state superintendent of public instruction, says that of the 25,399 teachers in the public schools of Pennsylvania only 195 are college graduates. More than one-half of the 25,399 never attended an academy, a seminary or a normal school. Professor Schaeffer thinks the state ought to utilize university extension for the improvement of these teachers. No doubt it would be better if more money were spent on education in Pennsylvania. The cheapness of the summer schools under the Chautauqua system will come easily within the means of the teachers and the programme, consisting of authoritative lectures by leading professors connected with the great universities of the country, offers a liberal education.

THE New York *Herald* says: A shrinkage of two hundred and fifty million dollars in value of the wheat and corn crops of a single year at present prices, as compared with those current twelve months ago, is a matter that comes home to every farmer, and in the light of current events it must be very difficult for any silver sophist to conceal the obvious fact that this depreciation is due to the disturbance of the currency, the apprehension, distrust and contraction of credits caused by the Sherman law.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND is not well, and while not what can be called seriously sick, he is still in a condition which only rest can relieve, and which demands protection from the intrusion of office seekers. So his immediate associates in the White House say.

Washington Letter.

WASHINGTON, D. C., June 17, 1893. President Cleveland is deeply interested in the efforts that are being made to ascertain if the carelessness of any person was responsible for the horrible tragedy in Ford's old theatre, which killed 21 and injured sixty-odd clerks in the Records and Pensions office of the War Department, although he has wisely refrained from taking any action that might be considered as interfering with the properly constituted authorities now engaged in that task. Great pressure is being brought to bear on him to suspend or remove Col. Aansworth, the army officer who is at the head of that office, and upon whom a great many people are disposed to place the blame, but Mr. Cleveland's idea of fair play is such that it is not probable that he will take any action until there is more tangible evidence of Col. Ainsworth's guilt than public clamor for making him a scapegoat. If he be guilty surely that fact can hardly escape the coroner's jury now investigating and the army court of inquiry which will take the matter up at the close of the inquest.

The improvement in the financial situation has been very marked during the last few days, and treasury officials and others who keep close watch on financial affairs believe that the turn has come in the flow of gold abroad and that the situation will continue to improve. It is certain that the gold in the treasury is again increasing at a gratifying rate and that there is at present no demand for gold for shipment abroad. Secretary Morton expresses the opinion that from now on our cereals will take the place of the gold which we have been shipping to Europe, and the fact that the large amount of gold which the Rothschilds contracted to furnish Austria has all been delivered is also thought to have been a factor in causing a cessation in the European demand for gold.

The Government has lost in actual cash, according to Secretry Carlisle's figures, in carrying out the provisions of the Sherman silver law, nearly $11,000,000, representing the difference between the amount paid for the silver now stored in the treasury vaults and its present selling price. It it really had to be sold at once the loss would probably be much greater because of the further depreciation in price that would follow throwing such a large quantity of silver on the market.

Among the consular appointments made this week was that of Bennington R. Bedle, of New Jersey, to be Consul at Sheffield, England, in place of Benjamin Folsom, resigned. Mr. Folsom, who has held the position since his appointment early in the first Cleveland administration, is a cousin of Mrs. Cleveland's and as "Cousin Ben," he figured in all the Republican papers as proof that President Cleveland was not in earnest when he declared himself opposed to nepotism. Wonder what those same fellows will say now that Mr. Folsom has voluntarily resigned? The chances are that they will ignore it entirely and say nothing.

Secretary Carlisle has, in one respect, a long lead of all the other heads of departments. Since taking charge of the treasury he has replaced more than 200 Republican officials, outside the classified service, with good Democrats.

Democratic Congressmen, after a hard and stubborn fight, have succeeded in convincing Postmaster General Bissell that his rule against the removal of Republican fourth-class postmasters who have served four years or more, unless charges are filed against them, is a bad one, and it will be recalled and all Republicans who have been in office four years or more will be replaced by Democrats just as fast as they can be got at in Mr. Maxwell's office.

A letter received by Mr. Cleveland this week furnishes conclusive proof, if proof were needed, of the wisdom of the establishment in the Pension Bureau of a Board of Revision, the sole duty of which is to go over all the pensions that have been granted under the law of 1890 and determine whether they were granted in accordance with a proper construction of that law. The writer of this letter, Mr. J. M. Barnett is an ex-employe of the office, who voluntarily resigned during the last administration because he could not conscientiously take part in carrying out Raum's methods.

He tells the President of a large number of pensions illegally granted, and names, dates, and the numbers of the applications, so that his statements may be easily verified. He says that thousands of pensions have been illegally granted, and that they are not confined to cases in which the law was wrongfully construed, but include an enormous number granted in direct violation of law. Mr. Burnett concluded by expressing the belief that at least $50,000,000 a year can be saved by a thorough and rigid purging and revison of pension rolls. M.

Murdered His Father.

TOLEDO, O., June 16.—Early yesterday morning Miller F. Long, a well-to-do farmer near Napoleon, died from the effects of a stab wound inflicted at the hands of his 16 year-old son, Emanuel. The father and son had been having some words. The boy wanted to play and the father directed him to drop some whittling he was doing with a jack knife, and go to work. The lad continued to whittle, however, and the father took hold of him to make him obey. The boy dropped the stick he was whittling and a scuffle ensued. A few minutes later the father staggered into the kitchen before his wife and fell dead at her feet, blood gushing from a small wound in his breast. No one saw the encounter between the two. The boy says he did not mean to do it; in fact, did not know that he did. The lad will be arrested to-day, after the funeral.

Mangled by an Elevator.

FINDLAY, Ohio, June 17.—Last evening at the elevator of the Argyle Hotel while Mrs, E. R. Graham was making the ascent with her two-year-old son, when between the second and third floors, the child was caught between the car and the side of the shaft and was jerked underneath the carriage, the iron netting giving way and letting him through. The mother grabbed the child and endeavored to hold him by his clothing, but the rapidly ascending car caught her arms and broke them like pipe stems, horribly mangling and crushing the flesh. The child was dropped and fell to the bottom of the shaft. The child will recover, but Mrs. Graham is in a precarious condition.

One Fare Round Trip Tickets.

NEW YORK, June 20.—The general agents of the trunk lines to-day decided to recommend a special rate of one fare for the round trip to Chicago and return on special world's fair excursion trains. These trains will consist of passenger coaches only, but will run as express trains, making the trip each way in about 30 hours. They will leave New York in the morning, which will bring them to Chicago in the afternoon of the following day. The ticket will be good for 10 days.

Atrocious Cruelty Charged.

PHILADELPHIA, June 18.—Reports from Monroe county, Pa., along the line of the Wilkesbarre, Susquehanna and Western railroad, which is now being built from Wilkesbarre to Gdewater, indicate extreme barbarity in the treatment of the men employed. The firm having the contract for grading is made up of George Noble and Frank McCabe, of Atlanta, Ga., and W. B. Strang, of Kansas City, Mo.

At the outset large numbers of negroes from Georgia, Alabama and the Carolinas were employed. Their numbers were lessened by death, desertions, etc., and their places were taken by Huns and Italians. The section bosses are charged with murdering some of the men, while others were shot and clubbed in a most brutal manner. It is also alleged that the men were fed on miserable food and kept in unlit lodgings. Many of the men had their limbs frozen during the winter, and sickness cost many lives. The charges are being investigated.

Free Text Books.

Following is the bill to provide for free text books throughout the state, which received the Governor's signature and is, therefore, a law:

"That school directors or controllers shall purchase text books and other necessary supplies for use in the public schools of their respective districts as such new text books and supplies are required in addition to those at present in use in the hands of the pupils or owned by the school distrtets, out of the school fund of the district, and when so procured the necessary books and school supplies shall be furnished free of cost for use in the schools of said district, subject to the orders of the directors or controllers thereof, whose duty it shall be to provide for the return of and for the safe keeping and care of the books which shall be returned at the close of annual school term in each year, or as the board may direct.

A Borden Suspect.

BALTIMORE, June 18.—Mrs. Ramsey, a boarding house keeper, says that previous to the Borden murders a boy came from New England and boarded with her. He told her that he was the adopted son of Lizzie Borden's uncle, Felix Borden. He said his name was Descerches. From all accounts he did not live happily with the Bordens. He did not pay his board bill and left, saying that he was going to his home to get money to settle. A few days after he left the Borden murders were committed, after which time he returned to Baltimore.

The young man's description, it is said, tallies with that given by several witnesses in the Borden murder trial, who said they saw a strange man at the Borden gate the morning of the murder. Young Borden left Baltimore last fall, and has not been heard of here since.

Must attend to Business.

WASHINGTON, June 20.—Secretary Carlisle has issued a circular designed to enforce disipline among employees in the treasury building. In the future the office hours will be from nine to four with half hour for lunch. Clerks and others must be kept diligently employed during office hours and no tardiness will be allowed. Employees will not be permitted to visit each other during business hours, and loitering and entertaining persons in the halls is strictly prohibited.

Reading of newspapers or other unofficial matter, or writing letters or matter not connected with the business of the department will not be tolerated. No visitors will be allowed in any rooms except by permission of some official. Any infraction of these rules will be regarded as sufficient cause for dismissal.

Chloroformed on a Train.

CINCINNATI, June 19.—While coming from St. Louis to Cincinnati last night Mrs. John Hermes, of 564 Hermes avenue, was chloroformed and robbed in a most daring manner. Mrs. Hermes had $325, of which $135 was in gold. This she wrapped in a handkerchief and tied it around her right leg just below the knee. The stocking was then drawn over this. During the evening Mrs. Hermes suddenly grew very sleepy and noticed that a man and two women who sat behind her in the coach had thrown a damp-looking handkerchief over the back of her seat. She paid no attention to this and tried to fight off the desire to sleep, but she could not. When she awoke it was daylight and the train was pulling into the depot. She then discovered that her money was gone.

Terrible Death.

CONNELLSVILLE, Pa., June 20.—The 2-year-old son of George Wells, a colored man living at White Rock, one mile east of here, swallowed concentrated lye yesterday morning and died in terrible agony in the afternoon. The boy's father is employed in Pittsburg, and his mother does washing. She went out in the morning to wash for a family near by, leaving her son William in bed. He awoke about 9 o'clock and going down stairs began hunting through the cupboard for something to eat. He secured a box of concentrated lye from a shelf and ate almost the entire contents. Mrs. Wells came home about 10 o'clock and found the child in the agonies of death.

Butchery in a Famous Cabin.

GETTYSBURG, PA., June 20.—The little stone building that served General Lee for his headquarters had more blood daubed over it to-day than during the terrific battle of 30 years ago. James McLaughlin, who lives in the house, was intoxicated last night, and proceeded to to make himself obnoxious to several of his neighbors, named Waddles. They waited until about midnight, and then, with a negro, it is asserted, went to Lee's headquarters, and hacked McLaughlin with knives. They cut off the lobe of his ear, gashed his arm, severing the veins. McLaughlin's supposed assailants are missing, and he is in a precarious condition.

A Boy And a Toy Pistol.

FREDERICTON, N. B., June 21.—Eighty dwellings; six groceries and general stores, two churches and a round house, were destroyed by fire which swept the village of Gibson, directly opposite this city, yesterday. The fire started shortly before 12 o'clock, and it is believed to have originated from a little boy playing with a toy pistol and making a target of his father's barn. One hundred and thirty families were rendered homeless. The loss is heavy, and falls chiefly on mechanics and laborers. The destruction of property will amount to $2,000,000.

"HEADSMAN" MAXWELL opened the week by knocking off the heads of 130 Republican fourth-class postmasters.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

NEWS AND OTHER NOTINGS

—In six days 50,000 boxes of strawberries were sold in Reading.

—Farmers in Berks county are making hay. The crop is good.

—A cow at Armville treed half a dozen men and badly gored Elias Bomberger.

—Climbing after a bird at Lancaster, Freeland Bowers tumbled from a tree and may die.

—The first manufacturing enterprise in America was a glass factory at Jamestown Virginia.

While walking in her sleep at Lebanon, Mrs. George H. Uhler fell down stairs and was badly hurt.

Happy and content is a home with "The Rochester," a lamp with the light of the morning. Catalogues, write Rochester Lamp Co., New York.

—Chauncey M. Depew declares that cheap trains to Chicago, which have thus far been a failure, will in a few weeks become a necessity.

—Five squares of the city of Lancaster are to be paved with vitrified brick as an experiment, and there is talk of using a brick manufactured in Clearfield county.

—Lightning plays curious pranks. The latest to be recorded is from Plattsburg, New York, where lightning tore the shoes off a woman, but did not seriously injure her.

—Edward Atkinson advises Southern farmers to plant more peas and beans because they are profitable products in themselves and because they renew the richness of the soil.

—A man named Sesser, a waiter in a Paris cafe, died on Monday after a few hour's illness with symptoms closely resembling those of cholera. Several other cases of the same character have been reported.

—In 1800 Spain was visited by a sweltering temperature that is described as fearful. Madrid and other cities were deserted, and the streets silent. Laborers died in the fields, and the vines were scorched and blasted as if by a simoon.

—The 1,600 street car employes of Minneapolis struck on Monday against signing a contract rendering conductors and drivers responsible for damage to cars. After being out 10 hours the company withdrew the contract and the men resumed work.

—Spain, formerly a conquering and colonizing power, has lost the greater part of the foreign territory which she once ruled; but she still holds Cuba and Porto Rico in America, the Phillipine and other islands in Asia and possessions of considerable importance in Africa.

—Twenty-two years ago Joseph Riffle, of New Baltimore, carved the initials of his name and the date on the back of a turtle he found along the banks of a stream at that place. About two weeks ago the identical turtle was again picked up by a gentleman of that village.

—Several cases of cholera have been reported in Limogie. One case has already proven fatal. Six new cases and four deaths were reported on Friday in Cete, and four cases and one death in Previas. The spreading of the disease is favored by the intensely hot weather.

—In Greene county the Democratic nomination for a county office is equivalent to an election. The whole vote of the county is only about 6,000 and a little more than two-thirds is Democratic. It is the only county in the state where the constitutional provision for minority representation on the board of county commissioners has been regularly defeated by the election of three Democrats.

—Under the new law in Ohio, making the third sentence to the penitentiary a life one, David Blackburn, who had previously served two terms, was recently sent to the penitentiary to spend the remainder of his days for stealing three chickens from a Dayton hen roost. The case was appealed to the Supreme court, the exception being that the law was unconstitutional, but the decree of the lower court was confirmed and the law declared constitutional.

—W. P. Dysert, a Philadelphia burglar, held 100 armed men at bay all night at Cheswick, Pa., and only surrendered when 50 determined men burst open the door of the building he was in and overpowered him. For ten hours a steady fight was kept up on both sides and when captured one of the robber's eyes had been shot out and his left arm disabled by a bullet. Dysert is supposed to have been implicated in fifty robberies in western Pennsylvania during the past two weeks.

—Conrad Smouse tried to dynamite fish at Eleanora, near Punxsutawney, the other day. He lighted the fuse on two sticks of the stuff, threw one into the stream, and held the other, while he watched for the one to explode. But he threw away the long fuse and held the short one, which exploded first. Smouse is lying in the hospital with his right hand blown off, his ribs and hip broken, his head and face roasted, his scalp bared, and his windpipe exposed to view. Yet the doctors think he will live.

—New cases of smallpox in the southern part of Schuylkill county are announced almost daily. The shoe manufacturing town of Orwigsburg has called upon the county poor directors for assistance in nursing and quarantining the family of Daniel Smith, the father, mother and daughter being afflicted with the disease. Landingville and Schuylkill Mountain, each have several cases and the residents of the surrounding country are being alarmed. Strict measures have been taken against the spread of the disease.

—On Friday night at Churchtown, an altercation took place between Frank Hosler, who was intoxicated, and a man named Zell. During the melee Hosler pulled a revolver and fired, the bullet entering the left side and coming out of the back of Samuel Eckert, an aged gentleman who was standing near by. After the shot was fired Hosler fled, and was found this morning in a grain field, near the scene of the tragedy. He was taken to Carlisle and committed to jail to await further results of his victim's injuries. Their is little hope of Eckert's recovery.

—The famous Blarney stone, which for centuries occupied a place in the walls of historic old Blarney castle in Ireland, has arrived at the World's Fair. It wrs shipped by Lady Aberdeen, and will form one of the attractions of her Irish village. On Monday afternoon it was placed in the walls of the reproduction of Blarney castle where it may be kissed by all who have the hardihood to be lowered head down to where it is to temporarily rest. The historic old stone was formally unveiled by Mayor Carter H. Harrison on Tuesday. An elaborate programme was prepared for the event. Speeches were made, songs sung, and Miss Sullivan, the Irish harpist, performed on the harp.

Marriage Licenses.

The following marriage licenses were issued by the Clerk of the Orphans' Court for the week ending Wednesday, June 21, 1893:

A. W. Coy and H. Ella Mentch, Cherryhill, Indiana county, Pa.

William Mann and Elizabeth Smith, Portage township.

Stephen Kiesko and Antonia Korhuak, Johnstown.

Clifton W. Will, Allegheny towhship, and Laura C. Stroup, Clearfield township.

George Gritzer and Mary Slofko, Johnstown.

Charles Hoffman and Mary Antreller, Johnstown.

Joseph J. Grehenstein, Johnstown, and Barbara Antreller, Franklin.

J. W. Vanscoyoe and Julia Westover, Barnesboro.

Geo. W. Fleck, Johnstown, and Martha Ulster, Coopersdale.

John Wilson, Cleveland, Ohio, and Ann Graves Johnstown.

Michael J. Leonard, Clearfield, Pa., and Elizabeth Richards, Hastings.

Chas. D. Butler and Ida M. Launty, Johnstown.

Jacob Rosks and Myrtle Shank, Johnstown.

John Lucoch and Anna Schormick, Johnstown.

Charles F. Repp and Grace M. Griffith, Stonycreek, township.

Sam. J. Wagner and Jennie R. Gunnzer, Johnstown.

Jacob J. Murphy and Laura A. Stewart, Johnstown.

Charles F. Buck and Ella Anderson, Allegheny township.

Ellsworth S. Jones, Pittsburg, Pa., and Ella B. Rhodes, Gallitzin.

Henry Francis Stiger, Clearfield township, and Matilda Donahoe, Gallitzin township.

Richard Egre and Elizabeth Kreiger, Johnstown.

Calistus James Hogue and Mary Jane Williams, Carrolltown.

—A train struck a carriage in which he was riding, at Lewistown, killing William Little, of Franklin county.

Announcements.

COUNTY TREASURER

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for County Treasurer on the Democratic ticket, subject to the decision of the Democratic county convention. JOSEPH BENGELE.

Gallitzin, Pa., May 25, 1893.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER.

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the nomination for County Commissioner, subject to the decision of the Democratic county convention. JOHN KIRBY.

Johnstown, June 16, 1893.

COUNTY COMMISSIONER.

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the office of County Commissioner, subject to the decision of the next Democratic county convention. BLAIR SHORT.

Lilly, May 23, 1893.

COUNTY COMMISSIONER

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for County Commissioner, subject to the decision of the next Democratic county convention. PATRICK E. DILLON.

Elder township, May 19, 1893.

FOR COUNTY AUDITOR.

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the nomination for County Auditor, subject to the decision of the Democratic county convention. W. C. BERRY.

Wilmore, June 16, 1893.

H. C. COOPER, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
EBENSBURG, - - PA.

Office on High street in room formerly occupied by the Western Union Telegraph Company. [Jun23-93

FINANCIAL STATEMENT OF THE BOROUGH OF CHEST SPRINGS.

THOS. CALLAN, Collector, Treasurer and Street Commissioner. In account with the Borough of Chest Springs.

	Dr.	
To amount of duplicate		$ 73 00
To license money lifted		228 00
To amount due Borough from 1892		71
Total		$301 71
	Cr.	
By exonerations		$ 1 85
Street Commissioner		19 00
Orders of 1892 lifted		41 75
Money paid school board		50 00
Orders for 1893 lifted		83 56
Labor hired on streets		48 35
Work done by taxables		47 81
5 per cent. commission on $228 00		11 40
2 per cent. commission on $140		2 80
Amount of back tax handed to next supervisor		8 75
Total		$284 85
Balance due Borough from Thos. Callan		16 86
Total		$301 71

JAMES L. RANDALL, Burgess, in account with Chest Springs Borough.

	Dr.	
To fines and license money		$ 9 25
To money from county		90 00
Total		$99 25
	Cr.	
By repairing and furnishing lock up		$ 85 95
Balance due borough		13 30
Total		$ 99 25
Outstanding orders of borough		None.
Resources		$ 30 16

JNO. MCFRANN,
DR. H SOMERSVILLE,
June 23, 1893. Auditors.

JUST RECEIVED!

—A LARGE LOT—

Boots & Shoes

—BOUGHT AT—

Sheriff's Sale!

—FROM THE STOCK OF—

W. E. SCHMERTZ & CO.,

PITTSBURG, PA.

The public invited to call. Prices away down.

JNO. LLOYD & SONS.

CANN'S KIDNEY CURE.

Cures Bright's Disease, Dropsy, Gravel, Nervousness, Heart, Urinary or Liver Diseases. Known by a tired, languid feeling; inaction of the kidneys weakens and poisons the blood, and unless cause removed you cannot have health. Cured me over five years ago of Bright's Disease and Dropsy.—MRS. I. L. U. MILLER, Bethlehem, Pa. 1,000 other other similar testimonials. Try it. Cure guaranteed.

Cann's Kidney Cure Co.,
720 Venango street, Philadelphia, Pa.
Sold by all reliable druggists. 4.21.93

To Investors.

WHY go away from home to seek investments when you can buy Pennsylvania First Mortgage securities on the Cash or Monthly Payment plan and which will net you twenty per cent. on your money? For particulars call on or address H. A. ENGLEHART,
Aug. 5, 1892. Ebensburg, Pa

ADMINISTRATRIX' NOTICE.

Letters of administration upon the estate of John Betz, late of Jackson township, Cambria county, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, notice is hereby given to all persons owing said estate to make immediate payment and those having claims against the same will present them duly authenticated for settlement.

ANNA MARIA BETZ,
Administratrix of John Betz, late of Jackson township, deceased.
June 16, 1893 6t.

CANCER and Tumors CURED; no knife. Book Free. DRS. GRATIGNY & BYRNE, No. 465 Elm St., Cincinnati, O.

EVERYTHING ON WHEELS.

Buggies, Wagons, Farm Machinery,

Saw Mills, Engines and Boilers.

FACTS FOR FARMERS

Oliver Invented and Gave to the World the Chilled Plow.

THE GENUINE OLIVER GHILLED PLOWS

MADE ONLY BY THE

Oliver Chilled Plow Works,

South Bend, Indiana,

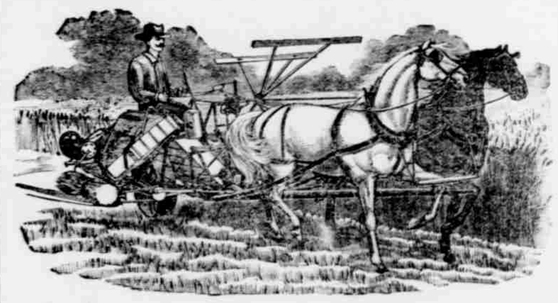
ARE THE BEST GENERAL PURPOSE PLOWS IN THE WORLD.

A strong statement but a true one, for these plows are better known, have reached a larger sale, have had a longer run, have proved more popular and given better satisfaction than any other plows on the face of the globe.

We mean the GENUINE OLIVER, and not the imitations claiming to be the Oliver, or equally as good. Such imitations are on the market, placed there by unscrupulous manufacturers who seek to trade on the good name of the OLIVER.

Look out for imitations, buy only the genuine Oliver plows and repairs, and be sure you are right before you take the plow home.

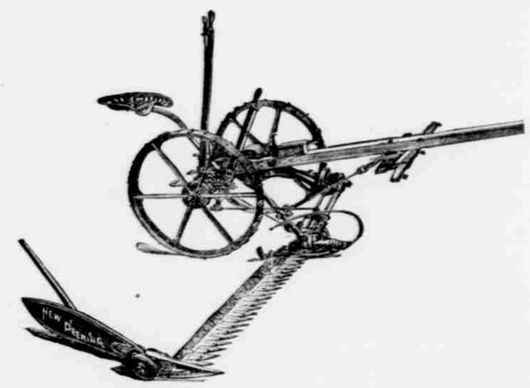
Once more—Beware of "bogus" Oliver plows and repairs, and take none but the genuine, made by the OLIVER CHILLED PLOW WORKS, SOUTH BEND, INDIANA.



The Deering Junior Steel Binder and Deering Pony Binder

LEADS { IN STRENGTH; IN DURABILITY. IN LIGHTNESS OF WEIGHT; IN RELIABILITY. IN LIGHTNESS OF DRAFT; IN ECONOMY.

BINDER TWINE.—The Deering Binder Twine runs more feet to the pound, is Stronger and Smoother than any Twine made.



THE DEERING MOWER.

The New Deering, Deering Giant, Junior Giant, and One-Horse Mowers have large wheels, wide tread, fine cutting apparatus, many adjustments and remarkably light draft. They are the best grass cuting machines in the world, are worth dollar for dollar when other machines are worn out.

HORSE HAY RAKES.—I Have { ROYAL SELF DUMP. TIGER SELF DUMP. THOMAS HAND DUMP. IMPERIAL HAND DUMP. BANNER HAND DUMP.

Prices from $17.00 to $23.00.
Send for special circulars and prices of anything in my line.

N. B. SWANK,

307 Cor. Main and Bedford Streets,

JOHNSTOWN, PA.

THE BEST PLACE IN ALTOONA

TO BUY CLOTHING IS AT

JOHN McCONNELL'S

1300 ELEVENTH AVENUE.

Where you will find a complete line of Men's, Boys' and Children's Suitings in all styles and qualities.

SUMMER WEAR!

for Men and Boys, for Style and Finish can not be beat for the price Furnishing Goods, Hats and caps,

TRUNKS AND SATCHELS

in endless varieties. You are invited to call and see us when in the city and we will do you good.

JOHN McCONNELL,
ALTOONA, PENNA.

SPRING. 1893. SPRING.

Our Spring Stock is now here. We are now ready to show the most Complete Assortment of

Men's, Boys', and Children's Clothing

Gents' Furnishing Goods

in the county. We have all the New Shades and Shapes in Hats. Our Clothing needs to be seen to be appreciated.

It will pay you to come and see us as we will save you money.

Very Respectfully Yours,

C. A. SHARBAUGH,

CARROLLTOWN, - - - PA.

EVERYBODY

READS THE FREEMAN.

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, CAMBRIA CO., PA.

FRIDAY, - - - - JUNE 23, 1893.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

—Mr. George H. Roberts, of this place, is at the World's Fair.

—Mr. Jacob Warner, of Chest township, was in town on Monday.

—92 degrees was what the the mometer registered here on Monday.

—Mr. C. T. Roberts and family took a drive to Hastings on Monday.

—Mr. Daniel Hanlan, of Gallitzin township, visited Ebensburg on Monday.

—Tuesday was pay-day on the new railroad. About $20,000 changed hands.

—Mr. T. H. Heist, of Maple Park, wants a number of girls for help at his hotel.

—Geo. C. K. Zahm, Esq., clerk to the county commissioners, is laid up with rheumatism.

—Mr. Warren Worth Bailey, editor of the Johnstown *Democrat*, spent Monday in Ebensburg.

—Mr. J. R. Denny and wife, of the Mountain House, in this place, are at Chicago this week.

—Mr. W. Evans, of Bloomington, Illinois, accompanied by his daughter, is visiting friends in Ebensburg and vicinity.

—Prothonotary J. C. Darby, accompanied by his wife and child, is in Chicago this week taking a look at the World's Fair.

—Mr. Milton Bearer, of Carroll township, accompanied by his sisters, Misses Rose and Delia, visited Ebensburg on Tuesday.

—Reuben, son of John Anderson, of Cambria township, cut off one of his toes with an axe on Monday while chopping wood.

—The recent dry weather has utterly ruined the prospects for a good hay crop. In old meadows the grass is literally burned out.

—Mr. Anthony Hershberger, Democrat, of Franklin, has been appointed postmaster at Conemaugh, *vice* Howard Davis, Republican.

—Elmer, son of David T. Rees, of Cambria township, lost two fingers from his right hand a few days ago by getting them too far into a cutting box.

—Cards are out for the wedding of Mr. C. Hogue and Miss Annie Williams, both of Carrolltown, the happy event to take place on Monday the 26th inst.

—The case of embezzlement brought against L. Strayer by J. T. Everson, of Pittsburg, last week, was withdrawn, the parties having arranged an amicable settlement.

—On account of something getting wrong with the inspirator on the boiler of the steam tannery in this place on Tuesday, the plant shut down for a couple of days for repairs.

—On Wednesday Mrs. Kerby, wife of J. O. Kerby, who under Harrison's administration was United States Consul to Para, Brazil, was granted a divorce for desertion in the Pittsburg court.

—Mr. Henry Garman, a former resident of this place but for several years past engaged in lumbering near Tacoma, Washington, returned last week and will spend a short time at his old home.

—On Monday afternoon an Arabian peddler was robbed of $36 near Wigton's mines, near Carrolltown, by two foreigners who were arrested the same afternoon and brought to jail in the evening.

—On Wednesday evening the train on the branch made an extra trip for the purpose of bringing about forty laborers up from Cresson. The men were Italians and will be employed on the new railroad.

—It is a question whether justices of the peace now holding office can derive the benefit of the new fee bill, as the constitution forbids increasing or diminishing fees of any incumbent during his term of office.

—Dr. I. P. Strittmatter, of Philadelphia, passed through town on Monday on his way to Carrolltown on a visit to his father, Mr. Strittmatter, who has been ill some for time, suffering from a paralytic stroke.

—A game of ball played at the college grounds at Loretto on Wednesday afternoon between the St. Francis college nine and the St. Vincent's college nine, resulted in a victory of the latter by a score of 8 to 2.

—Peter and Joseph Basilko were brought to jail on Monday to answer a charge of assault and battery, preferred by Andrew Agill, of Johnstown, who alleges they assaulted him with clubs and gave him a terrible beating last Friday.

—A son of C. A. Buck, of Carrolltown, was kicked by a horse on Monday morning and shortly after, Mr. Buck, on going to the stable was treated in the same manner by the same horse. Neither Mr. Buck or his son were seriously hurt.

—Robert Tibbott, of this place, while working at the new school building on Wednesday morning had one of his fingers badly mashed by a stone falling upon it. Dr. Cooper dressed the finger and although not a dangerous hurt he will have a sore hand for sometime.

—A young lady in Altoona slipped on a banana skin that some thoughtless person had thrown upon the sidewalk and sustained so serious a fall that she had to be taken to the hospital. Persons who are so careless as to throw fruit skins on the pavement ought to be punished.

—On Tuesday Commissioner of Pensions Lochren appointed a number of pension examiners and among others the board of examining surgeons in this county was reorganized. The new board in this county is Drs. F. Schill and George E. Conrad, of Johnstown, and Dr. H. Sloan, of Carrolltown.

—Frank Krug, son of Mr. George Krug, of Cambria township, while working in a log job near Ebensburg on Thursday morning had his left leg broken between the ankle and the knee. Dr. Cooper, of this place set the injured member and the young man is getting along as well as could be expected.

—Mr. J. A. Shoemaker, of this place, has purchased the timber on the McFadden lands in Blacklick and will soon place in position a steam saw mill for the purpose of cutting the timber into lumber. Mr. Thos. Teeter, of Blacklick, with a large force of men is busily at work cutting logs on the "right of way" on these lands.

—On Thursday afternoon of last week the depot building at the Carrolltown road caught fire and was burned to the ground, along with a considerable amount of freight belonging mostly to Carrolltown merchants. The building was a cheap structure and the loss on it is small. We failed to learn the estimated loss on the freight stored in the building.

—A solution of copperas in the proportion of 1½ pounds of copperas to 1 gallon of water is the best known disinfectant for sinks, drains, sewers, water pipes and filthy soil, and its use cannot be too strenuously urged. Due care must be used to protect clothing, carpets and wall paper from coming in contact with it, as it is very destructive to these articles.

—On account of the wet weather a great many of the men employed on the new railroad were off work to-day (Thursday) and the town is full of drunks and disorderly men. Jack Walsh and Frank Wherry had a misunderstanding about noon and adjourned to in front of the jail to have a fight. While they were at it the police scooped them in and a fine of five dollars each was the result.

—Dr. Lowman, one of the best known citizens of Johnstown, died at his home in that city on Friday, June 16, 1893, aged about 76 years. The deceased was a native of Franklin county, studied medicine in Indiana and for forty-seven years practiced his profession in Johnstown.

—John Kisz, a little Hungarian boy, who, in company with two other boys, was standing on the railroad near Brownstown crossing on Friday afternoon, was struck by Way Passenger and hurled from the track. He was picked up and taken to his home where he died the next day from his injuries. His companions succeeded in getting out of the way of the train. He was eleven years of age.

—Joseph Lantzy, a Russian who keeps a boarding house at Moxham, was robbed of $385 on Saturday evening, the money having been taken from his room during a short absence from the house. Two missing boarders, Joseph Knenock and Ignaz Hemasck, were suspected and they were traced to South Fork, arrested and the stolen money found in their possession. They were brought to jail on Monday.

—While playing ball on the Juniata grounds near Altoona on Saturday Max Meindel, manager of the Defiance base ball club, was the victim of an accident which resulted in his death. He was at the bat when a swift curved ball from the pitcher hit him on the left side of the head, alongside the temple. The unfortunate young man died on Sunday morning. Mr. Mendall was about 25 years of age and unmarried.

—There is a new bug in town. Swarms of the famous Lancaster lice have arrived here in their westward march, says the Altoona *Tribune*. They were lying in great heaps on the Gaysport pavements yesterday, and covered the trees from the ground to the topmost limb. The citizens are trying coal oil and other remedies to find relief from the plague. The little yellow bug reached the west side of town last evening. These little bugiers get into one's eyes, and the sensation is anything but pleasant.

—Both the *Herald* and the *Mountaineer* of this place, by a singular coincidence, this week touch up the old "Mickey Smith escape from jail." Both papers coming out on the same day and both referring to the same old chestnut looks as if a *preconcise* for a *scirct facias* had been left at both establishments at the same time. The writ contains no notice, however, to Stewart Springer, who at one time was a *terre tenant* of the same institution.

—Edward Dassinbrock, of Cincinnati, Ohio, was killed about three-quarters of a mile above Conemaugh, on the Pennsylvania railroad, at an early hour on Saturday morning. In company with a number of other young men he was on an eastbound freight train, going to Philadelphia in search of work. They were ordered off by a brakeman and, in jumping from the car, Dassinbrock fell, striking his head against a rail with such severity as to produce instant death. The remains were interred in Cincinnati.

—Charles Gallagher, employed on the new railroad and who boards at Sem Evans', in Cambria township, on Wednesday night had a severe attack of what is known among congressmen in Washington as "malaria." In this section of the country it is called a jag, and as Charles was in a fighting mood and there were none of the other boarders who had a disposition to keep the flies off him, an information was made for surety of the peace and he was placed in the lock-up to recover, all of which he did, when on Thursday morning the information was withdrawn.

—The commencement exercises at Mt. Aloysius Academy, Loretto, will be held this (Thursday) afternoon at 2:30 o'clock. The program is up to the usual standard of excellence, including vocal and instrumental music, essays and recitations, to be concluded by an address by Rt. Rev. Bishop O'Hean. Three of the gold medals are gifts respectively of Bishop Phelan, Rev. E. A. Bush, and James Cullen, of Spuce Creek. There is one graduate in the English course and music—Miss Mary Schwab—who receives the gold medal presented by Bishop Phelan and the graduating class of honor.

—The other evening Peters' paper mill, at Latrobe, was the scene of a terrible accident, in which Albert Ondriczek was the victim. Albert, who was employed in the mill, was in the act of adjusting a belt when by some means his left leg was caught in the machinery and torn off at the knee and the severed member hurled a distance of thirty-five feet against the side of the building. The flesh was stripped from the remaining part of the leg from the knee to the thigh, and it presented a ghastly appearance. The young man was given the medical attention of Drs. Donnelly and Hughes.

—John Donovan, a brakeman on the Pennsylvania railroad whose home was at Lilly, met with an accident on Friday night near Lilly which resulted in his death at the Altoona hospital on Saturday morning about 11 o'clock. Donovan was in the performance of his duties when the train broke and he fell between the bumpers, and the cars coming together, both his feet were badly crushed. It was several hours before he was discovered and he was taken to the Altoona hospital where amputation was performed, one foot being taken off at the ankle and the toes of the other foot taken off, but he died as above stated soon after the operation. He was about 29 years of age and leaves a wife and family. His remains were taken to Lilly on Saturday night and interred on Monday morning.

The Farmers' Institute.

Tuesday and Wednesday were gala days at Carrolltown, the town being decked with flags and streamers and arches erected on the streets to give a welcome to Governor Pattison and other notable persons in attendance at the farmers' institute.

The session was opened by an address by Hon. James J. Thomas, president of the institute, and was followed by Thomas J. Edge, secretary of the state board of agriculture, who gave a detailed account of the origin of the farmers' institutes throughout the state.

The road question was one of the principal topics discussed on Tuesday and from the many different views expressed there ought to be considerable information gained on the vexed question by those in attendance.

Governor Pattison arrived on the evening train and received an enthusiastic reception. At the evening session Judge Barker, of this place, delivered an address of welcome, which was responded to by the governor.

Among the notable persons present from abroad were Governor Pattison, ex-Governor Beaver, Senator N. B. Critchfield, of Somerset county, Secretary Thomas J. Edge, of the state board of agriculture; Prof. Heiges, of York; Prof. Rothrock, of Chester county; Prof. Harvey of Bellefonte, and others.

On Wednesday Governor Pattison addressed the farmers on the taxation question, and after the close of his address a number of essays were read and speeches made on numerous subjects, all of special interest to the farmer.

During the sessions of the institute the proceedings were interspersed with music. Miss Blanchard, of Pittsburg, presiding at the piano, accompanied by the Misses McDonald, of the same city. The Carrolltown cornet band was also on hand and rendered a number of selections, which served to pass the time when the audience tired of the discussions.

MURDER AT CARROLLTOWN!

A SLAVISH MINER KILLED AND ANOTHER BADLY INJURED.

At an early hour on Thursday morning John Kauffman, a Slav, was found lying near the Brothers' dam in Carroll township, nearly insensible and badly beaten. According to his story, he and five other Slavish miners who had been working in the vicinity of Benscreek were implicated in a robbery in that neighborhood and left for the purpose of avoiding arrest. They spent Wednesday and Wednesday night in the vicinity of Carrolltown, and about four o'clock on Thursday morning, when near the Brothers' dam, had an altercation among themselves, when four of them whose names we failed to learn set upon himself and John Clamire, and after beating him until he was insensible, killed Clamire, hid his body and then left.

An investigation proved that his story was correct, for after hunting around for some time the body of the murdered man was found lying a short distance below the dam in the gully.

A telephone message was sent to Sheriff Shumaker informing him of the facts, and the sheriff telephoned back to try and find out the direction taken by the murderers. It is believed that after hiding the body the men started toward Ebensburg, as no trace of them could be found towards Carrolltown.

On Thursday morning four strangers believed to be the ones who committed the murder were seen walking on the railroad near Kaylor's from the direction of Carrolltown towards Cresson and it is believed they were going back to the neighborhood of Benscreek.

Charming Ebensburg.

The world moves and the capital of Cambria is moving with it. The ancient village is stirring its stumps these days and it gives promise of becoming one of the most popular mountain resorts in the state.

Its natural attractions certainly excel. It would be hard to find a point commanding a more delightful view than Ebensburg and its altitude and the salubrity of it atmosphere combine with a noble prospect to commend it to people who are seeking a good place to idle away the heated term.

There is considerable building going on in Ebensburg and various improvements are in progress or are projected. Already two summer hotels are open to sojourners and the summer boarder is familiar to many of the households of that delightful village. By the middle of July it will be overrun with rest and pleasure seekers from the outside world.

Ebensburg is beginning to nurse some notable ambitions. It has prepared diagrams which seem to indicate by concentric circles that it is the center of the universe and there be good citizens of the pleasant old burg who have it all planned out for the Pennsylvania railroad to abandon its present route via Johnstown for a new one which Ebensburg genius has devised. It is needles to add that this route is by way of Ebensburg.

But whatever its ambitions, Ebensburg is all right. It is a pretty town and ought to become a great summer resort. In many respects it is more attractive than Cresson. The prospects is far finer; and it may be truthfully added that its complement of pretty girls is alone enough to give it a wide and enviable fame.—*Johnstown Democrat.*

Court Proceedings.

The following cases were disposed of in addition to those reported in last week's FREEMAN.

Joseph C. Noel vs. Iron City Mutual Fire Insurance Company. Non suit.

F. N. Burke vs. John Moran and William Nihil. Assumpsit. Jury find for plaintiff $40.

Donahoe & Notley vs. Kirkpatrick. Assympsit. Jury find for plaintiff $90.85

Robert Sagerson vs. Joshua Griffith. Settled.

A. B. Hicks vs. James A. Plunket. Plaintiff enters voluntary non suit.

V. H. Donnelly vs. J. J. Rhodily. Trespass. Jury find for plaintiff $258.90.

John C. Schenck vs. Annie S. Brookbank. Assumpsit. Jury find for plaintiff $416.25.

Commonwealth vs. Ellen Seeley, larceny. Defendant plead guilty and was sentenced to 100 days in jail.

Charles E. Hatch vs. the Pennsylvania Railroad Company. Assumpsit. Verdict for the defendant by the court and jury discharged.

Commonwealth vs. Ida Noel and Anna Noel, disturbing a public assembly. *Nol. pros.* entered as to Anna Noel. Jury find Ida Noel guilty. Sentenced to pay a fine of $10 and costs and give bond for her good behavior.

Commonwealth vs. Cecila Dunegan, assault and battery. Jury find defendant not guilty, but that she pay one-half the costs and Ida Noel the other half.

Commonwealth vs. Ida Noel, assault and battery. Jury find defendant guilty. Sentenced to pay a fine of $10 and costs.

Did Not Say Good-Bye.

The notorious postoffice burglar, J. W. Ellwood, walked out of the jail at Huntingdon on Saturday and is still enjoying liberty. He is the fifth prisoner to escape from the county prison in five months, and people are beginning to wonder what is the matter with the sheriff. Two weeks ago it was announced that unless Ellwood was removed by the United States authorities, who claimed him as a postoffice thief, he would likely break out of jail.

On Friday night United States Marshal Harrah, of Allegheny county, went to Huntingdon to remove Ellwood. On Saturday morning a blacksmith filed the irons off the prisoner and he was left alone in the corridor. The turnkey was apparently asleep. Elwood quietly opened the front door, walked boldly out and vanished. The United States marshal went home without his game. This jail has the worst record in the state for escaping prisoners.

Ellwood, among other robberies supposed to have been committed by him, is suspected of having a hand in the robbery of the Gallitzin postoffice last winter.

For Musical People.

The "Song Friend" for June is at hand with its wealth of vocal and instrumental music and its bright, interesting and instructive paragraphs and articles on voice culture, church and instrumental music, theory, musical news, etc. Among the pieces of choice music in this number are "How to Ask and Have," "The Music of the Sea," both beautiful solos; "We Come, Come Again," and "The Sparrow's Fall," both by T. Martin Towne; "Help to Win the Day," by S. W. Straub; "The Good Shepherd is Calling," by J. M. Stillman; and the charming instrumental number, "The Merry School Girl Waltzes." These selections are all very choice. The music in this number would cost nearly $1.00 at regular publisher's price. "The Song Friend" is a 32-page journal of rare excellence. The subscription price is only $1.00 a year, with a premium of three pieces of select music. The publishers, S. W. Straub & Co., 245 State street, Chicago, offer to send it three months for 25 cents.

—Peter Tarontein, an Italian coal miner employed in No. 3 mine of the Cresson & Clearfield Coal and Coke Company, at Frugality, was caught by a fall of coal on Monday and crushed to death. His remains were buried in Ashville. He had no relatives in this country but leaves a wife and family in Italy.

List of Jurors.

Following is the list of grand and traverse jurors for September term of court:

GRAND JURORS.

Barnacle, John F., laborer, Johnstown.
Bopp, George, miner, Johnstown.
Bumgardner, Jos. A., farmer, Richland township.
Byrne, John, farmer, Elder township.
Davis, Thomas, gentleman Ebensburg.
Donahoe, Jos. J., farmer Clearfield township.
Flick, Jerome, farmer, Allegheny township.
Garman, Geo. K., farmer, Susquehanna township.
Gore, George, laborer, Johnstown.
Klinefelter, Emanuel, farmer, Jackson township.
Lahey, Caron, merchant, Lilly.
Luther, Chas. L., farmer, White township.
Miller, I. C., clerk, Johnstown.
Miller, John K., farmer, Upper Yoder township.
Oppy, Richard, miner, East Taylor township.
Reams, Silas, hotel-keeper, East Conemaugh.
Smith, C. C., carpenter, Johnstown.
Stineman, Geo. B., merchant, South Fork.
Strittmatter, Peter J., Jr., farmer, Carroll township.
Tibbott, Fes., farmer, Cambria township.
Vogle, George, foreman, Johnstown.
Waitz, William, editor, Carrolltown.
Warfield, Frank, farmer, Susquehanna township.
Wiesinger, Harry, lumberman, Conemaugh.

TRAVERSE JURORS—FIRST WEEK.

Adams, Wesley, clerk, Johnstown.
Barclay, Lowman, steel worker, Upper Yoder township.
Barnhardt, Isaac, farmer, Upper Yoder township.
Bonshoff, Eli, clerk, West Taylor township.
Bickford, G. G., fireman, Conemaugh.
Bleigh, Edward, laborer, Morrelville.
Bradley, John C., farmer Carroll township.
Briney, L. L., laborer, Morrelville.
Cole, Wm., lumberman, Dean township.
Coulter, D. W. merchant, Franklin.
Daley, J. F., stone mason, Johnstown.
Davis, William, agent, Conemaugh.
Decker, John H., merchant, Johnstown.
Edwards, E. L., gentleman Johnstown.
Ellis, Andrew, sawyer, Carroll township.
Epley, James M., watchman, West Taylor township.
Evans, Oliver, carpenter, Cambria township.
Ferguson Robert, farmer, Blacklick township.
Finnegan, H. C., agent, West Reade township.
Faust, Jesse, laborer, Dale.
Freidhoff, John, farmer, Munster township.
Glasser, P. C., carpenter, Gallitzin.
Good, Jerry, laborer, West Reade township.
Harting, Philip, farmer, Carroll township.
Hennecamp, Oscar, artist, Johnstown.
Hughes, Wm. R., farmer, Carroll township.
Inclert, John, steel-worker, Johnstown.
James, Robert, laborer, Ebensburg.
Konelin, Charles, wagon maker, Johnstown.
Loyd, Henry farmer, Susquehanna township.
Livell, J. H., farmer, East Reade township.
McClellan, Thos. H., moulder, Johnstown.
Mahan, Isaac, farmer, Blacklick township.
Miller, W. E., machinist, Johnstown.
Mitchell, John, carpenter, Dale.
Mock, Gideon, farmer, Susquehanna township.
Montgomery, E ward, miner, Washington township No. 2.
Murphy, Geo., farmer, Adams township.
Moon, John A., laborer, Richland township.
Northcraft, W. H., policeman, Johnstown.
Roberts, Oliver, laborer, Franklin.
Scanlan, Michael, mill hand, Johnstown.
Schwab, William, saddler, Loretto.
Sharp, John, agent, Johnstown.
Statler, John, machinist, Dale.
Stiver, Emanuel, farmer, Barr township.
Strittmatter, Sylvester carpenter, Hastings.
Thomas, John, merchant, Johnstown.
Wiesinger, Albert, laborer, West Taylor township.
Zimmerman, Charles, liveryman, Johnstown.

TRAVERSE JURORS—SECOND WEEK.

Adams, Simon, farmer, Richland township.
Arthur, William, printer, Johnstown.
Barkheimer, David J., laborer, Lower Yoder township.
Barnes, Graff, printer, Johnstown.
Biller, Wm. M. blacksmith, Carroll township.
Brown, Henry L., helper, Morrelville.
Bumford, John carpenter, South Fork.
Brantlin, George, mill-hand, Johnstown.
Campbell, Peter, farmer, Carrolltown.
Caldwell, Samuel, moulder, Westmont.
Carthew, Lewis, foreman, Johnstown.
Caufield, Hammer, c. rpenter, Johnstown.
Croyle, Wendell, laborer, South Fork.
Davey, James, laborer, Johnstown.
Derman, Wesley, laborer, Lower Yoder township.
Edwards, David, mill-hand, Johnstown.
Esch, Adam, farmer, White township.
Findley, Ephraim, clerk, West Taylor township.
Fowler, John J., stone-cutter, Gallitzin.
Glass, Charles, farmer, Clearfield township.
Gray, John A., farmer, Jackson township.
Grove, James B. blacksmith, Morrelville.
Holien, Philip E., farmer, East Reade township.
Hornick, Martin, farmer, Richland township.
Irwin, Michael, brakeman, Johnstown.
Kaufman, Josiah J., farmer, Upper Yoder township.
Knorr, Charles, laborer, Cambria township.
Kratzer, D. M., lumberman, Clearfield township.
Krotz, I. J., farmer, Jackson township.
Levi, Englebert, grocer, Barr township.
Mack, Elijah, saw yer, Ebensburg.
McCoy, Pat., miner, Ha tings.
Morgan, Wm. J., mill hand, Johnstown.
Monroe, William, merchant, Johnstown.
Noon, N. A., teacher, Conemaugh township.
Patch, Wm. F., assistant foreman, Morrelville.
Pringle, Emanuel, farmer, Summerhill township.
Roberts, Lincoln, laborer, Summerhill township.
Rodgers, Alonza, farmer, Stonycreek township.
Shartzuch, C. A., merchant, Carrolltown.
Sheehan, Michael, miner, White township.
Smith, Lawrence, laborer, Johnstown.
Stewart, J. McClelland, foreman, Johnstown.
Schiffer, John, farmer, Croyle township.
Van Sc yoc, John, farmer, East Reade township.
Vaughn, Harry, mill-hand, Johnstown.
Von All, Henry, mill-hand, Lower Yoder township.
Wagoner, C. H., bar-tender, Johnstown.
Weber, C. C., merchant, Johnstown.
Weidersheim, Conrad, merchant, Johnstown.

TRAVERSE JURORS—THIRD WEEK.

Belter, William, farmer, Munster township.
Boyer, Henry, merchant, Johnstown.
Caddy, James, laborer, Morrelville.
Carthew, John, laborer, Johnstown.
Cassidy, George, farmer, Clearfield township.
Cole, Wes., hotel keeper, Ashville.
Cusic, Homer, merchant, Johnstown.
Dean, Chas. T., farmer, West Reade township.
Dehl, Albert, hotel keeper, Portage.
Diehl, George C., laborer, Portage township.
Dommire, W. S., miner, South Fork.
Eckenrode, John, farmer, Allegheny township.
Frick, John H., heater, Johnstown.
Fulmer, Harry, carpenter, Johnstown.
Gaffney, James, merchant, Johnstown.
Gates, Gilbert, carpenter, Morrelville.
George, F. C., merchant, Lilly.
George, W. E., brakeman, Summerhill
Gongheuer, H. S., machinist, Johnstown.
Grier, Alex., saddler, Carrolltown.
Grumbling, Emanuel, merchant, South Fork.
Howard, L. D., teamster, Johnstown.
James, Emanuel, hotel keeper, Johnstown.
Keiper, John A., engineer, Conemaugh.
Lob, Adam, blacksmith Barr township.
Luther, W. C., laborer, Carrolltown.
McKay, Geo., laborer, Cambria township.
Osborn, Elder, farmer, Allegheny township.
Miller, Hiram, stable boss, Johnstown.
Minahan, Robert, farmer, Washington township No. 1.
Mullen, Andrew, laborer, Johnstown.
Malvehill, Peter, gentleman, Westmont.
Myers, Charles F., moulder, Dale.
Parrish, A. F., laborer, Washington township, No. 2.
Patterson, Robert, machinist, Johnstown.
Pyle, Geo. D., farmer, Cambria township.
Rhine, James, miner, Hastings.
Richards, John, foreman, Morrelville.
Roudabush, Gavin, clerk, Dale.
Seese, Wales D., clerk, Johnstown.
Seymore, Peter, butcher, Portage.
Shellenburger, D. S., clerk, Johnstown.
Smith, William, foreman, Johnstown.
Stahl, E. K., carpenter, Johnstown.
Strittmatter, Andrew, juni erman, Carroll township.
Varner, Zachariah, butcher, East Taylor township.
Walsh, Silas, carpenter, Johnstown.
Weisinger, Eli, teamster, Stonycreek township.
Wissinger, Thos., farmer, Richland township.
Yeckley, Jacob, merchant, Gallitzin.

The Fight for the Wopsy.

About a year ago the Altoona and Phillipsburg Connecting Railroad Company was incorporated for the pupose of building a line between Phillipsburg and Janesville, a distance of about twenty miles. Samuel P. Langdon, of Philadelphia, was the promoter of the scheme and president of the company. He owns large and valuable coal lands in the territory traversed by the new road and at the start it was generally believed he was making a bluff at the Pennsylvania railroad so as to obtain certain concessions.

Mr. Langdon, as events have proven, was in earnest and it is expected that his line will be completed by October next. It will connect with the Beech Creek road at Phillipsburg and with the Altoona, Clearfield & Northern at Janesville, thus establishing a competing line.

Mr. Langdon, in attempting to secure the Altoona, Clearfield & Northern, was brought into a legal contest with James F. Kerr, clerk of the National House of Representatives, who claimed the franchise, and on Saturday the Blair county courts awarded the franchise to Mr. Langdon.

The consequence is that a rival to the Pennsylvania has got an entrance and foothold in Blair county.

How to Avoid Spring Fever.

Spring fever, or that "tired" feeling, is occasioned by an excess of heat in the human body. The diet necessary to maintain animal heat during winter, is no longer necessary during the warm months of spring and summer, and a change is not only beneficial but necessary. To avoid any unpleasant results, and to keep up vitality the system should be stimulated by the use of a little pure whiskey Physicians throughout the country unite in prescribing and recommending the whiskies bottled by Max Klein on account of their purity and general excellence, and the known reliability of his Silver Age, Duquesne and Bear Creek recommend them to all. Send for catalogue of all kinds of liquors, mailed free, to

MAX KLEIN,
82 Federal street, Allegheny, Pa.

—Four hundred feet of hose has been added lately to Ebensburg's fire equipment.

BALTZELLS'.

PARASOLS and Umbrellas mean more than a graceful addition to a costume. They are a prime necessity in sunny weather, hence their great demand.

We have sold out several orders this season, the latest one having arrived and been put on sale the present week. They are selling fast and will soon be culled out again. A few are noted as follows:

Tan gros grain, with 3 double box plaited ruffles, handsome bamboo stick, $5 each.

Brocaded silk, in light and dark blue, case to match, fancy wood handles and large tassels, $5.

Light and dark blue, polka dot, fancy wood sticks, large tassels and covers to match, $5.

Eancy striped Taffetas, ornamented wood handles, bone ferules and and large tassels, $4.50.

Changeable silk, double ruffles, natural wood sticks, $5.00.

Plain surah, deep ruffles, bamboo sticks, $4.25.

Plain China silk, wide puff, natural wood sticks, $3.50.

Figured satin, in same style, $3.75.

Navy blue striped, figured border and fancy sticks, very nobby, $3.00.

This must suffice for to-day but call and see what they are like if you have any need for one as they disappear rapidly.

Colored umbrellas are great favorites his season and of all our heavy stock only the following styles are left:

In brown, green and garnet, 25 inches, handsome sticks, $4.00

Another style in garnet, $3.75.

Handsome double-faced silk umbrellas, $5.00.

BALTZELLS',
Altoona.

Miscellaneous Notices.

GIRLS WANTED.—Good wages will be paid for Dining Room, Kitchen and Laundry Girls. Extra wages for a good baker Apply to or address T. H. HEIST,
Ebensburg, Pa., June 23 3t. Maple Park.

THE Ebensburg Building & Loan Association will offer for sale at the council chamber, Ebensburg, on the fourth Monday in June, $1,000.00. THOS. DAVIS,
LESTER LARIMER, Secretary. President.

THE Stevens Rifle owned by C. A. Gray, deceased, of Hastings, will be put up for a shooting match on July 5, 1893. The gun is nickle-plated, with globe and open sights, and is 22 38 ca libre. All marksmen are invited to attend. 16.2

IF you are wanting Books, Stationary, Booklets, Dolls, Games, Toys, Novelties, School Supplies, Rubber Boots or Shoes, etc., etc., you can have y ur wants supplied by a visit to C. T. Roberts' store, Ebensburg. Although an old established one, it is abreast of the times and always well filled with goods of all kinds. An exchange library has been started at this store, where for 5 and 10 cents you can rent most any book you want to read. Any book or anything else kept in stock, procured for you at once. Everything sold at lowest prices. Give us a call and see for yourself. You never saw such a large and elegant stock in Ebensburg.

Drunkenness or the Liquor Habit Positively Cured by Administering Dr. Haines' Golden Specific.

It is manufactured as a powder, which can be given in a glass of beer, a cup of coffee or tea, or in food, without the knowledge of the patient. It is absolutely harmless, and will effect a permanent and speedy cure, whether the patient is a moderate drinker or alcoholic wreck. It has been given in thousands of cases and in every instance a perfect cure has followed. It never fails. The system once impregnated with the Specific, it becomes an utter impossibility for the liquor appetite to exist. Cures guaranteed. Send for book of particulars free. Address
GOLDEN SPECIFIC CO.,
aug19.1y. 185 Race St., Cincinnati O.

B. & B.

Note These:

If interested in any of them, write us for samples and see if you don't

Save Money

on every yard you send us an order for. 160 pieces all-wool

Diagonal Cheviot Serges,

36 inches wide, in complete range of the season's best colors,

35 Cents.

You'll find the univeral fabric is 50cents, and you'll just save the difference. 200 pieces assorted

American Wool Suitings,

Imported Bedford Cords, Taffeta Changeants, Beige Bourette Stripes, 36 and 38 inches wide—some of them all-wool—some three-fourths wool,

25 Cents,

every yard worth 40cents, some 50 cents; this sale, price, 25 cents. 100 pieces

Finest French Satines,

best of the season's printings—light and dark colorings,

25 Cents,

regular price all season in this and other stores has been 35 cents. 100 pieces extra fine

American Satines,

25 cent quality at
15 CENTS.

Mohairs,

for traveling and street dresses. 52 inch MOHAIR BRILLIANTINES, in 4 shades of grey only,

75 Cents,

that are $1.28 qualities as usually bought and sold. 44 inch

Mohairs,

in all staple colors,

50 Cents.

That is remarkable quality and value for 50 cents.
Better see about these. They're worth looking after.

BOGGS & BUHL,
115, 117, 119 & 121 Federal St.,
ALLEGHENY, PA.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.
Notice is hereby given that the undersigned having been appointed Auditor to distribute the fund in the hands of Paul Yahner, executor of John Baker, late of Clearfield township, deceased, as shown by his first and final account, to those legally entitled thereto, will sit at the Attorneys' Room in Court House, Ebensburg on FRIDAY, JUNE 30, 1893, at 10 o'clock, P. M., when and where those interested may attend or be forever debarred from coming in on said fund.
H. H. MYERS,
June 16, 1893. Auditor.

A. C. FISHER,
Painter and Paper Hanger,
PATTON, PA.

The undersigned is now located in Patton and is prepared to do Painting in all its branches. House Painting, Sign Painting, Graining and Paper Hanging a specialty. Satisfaction guaranteed.
A. C. FISHER,
maj9.93

ATTENTION!

WE ARE

THE PEOPLE!

We are convinced that our prices and goods are right. Since we became Simon & Co.'s successors our daily sales up to date have increased just 40 per cent., and we still continue to sell at the same small profit figures. In Clothing you can be suited in a Suit for yourself, your boy or boys in higher quality than price. In Spring and Summer Styles we are stocked up to overflowing. We feel confident that if you come to us you will go away better pleased than ever before, as this is our motto:

Please and Satisfy Everybody.

Why do you get your Shirts made when you can get them to fit you at such a remarkably low price and goods to suit the most particular.

We have Shirts from 25 cents up to $2.98.
Men's Fedora Hats in every shade, color and style that you want for $1.48.
Also a very fine line of the latest and most fashionable Stiff Hats from 50 cents up.

FURNITURE.

Below we will quote a few prices. Then you can judge for yourself.

1 set good yellow Chairs	$ 3.00
1 set good dark Chairs	2.50
1 set good dark Chairs	3.00
1 set cane seat Chairs in dark	4.98
1 set cane seat Chairs in dark	5.50
1 set cane seat Chairs in dark	6.00
1 set cane seat Chairs, Mahogany	6.24
1 Oak Rocker with arm	1.75
1 Dark Rocker with arm	1.69
1 Oak cane seat, fancy arm	2.85
1 dark cane seat, fancy	2.75
1 light, very fancy arm	2.98
Child's Rockers, 50c., 65c., 75c. and	1.00
Perforated Chairs and Rockers in all styles and prices.	
full 8-piece Mahogany or Walnut Bed-room Suite	24.00
1 full 8-piece Oak Bed-room Suit	27.00
Sideboards, Cupboards and Sinks a specialty.	

Oil Cloth & Carpets.

We are stocked in Oil Cloth and Carpets. It will save you money to buy of us as in buying our stock early and in large quantities we saved money.

Floor Oil Cloth from 25 cents to 48 cents per square yard.
Ingrain Carpet, one yard wide, at 30, 40, 48 and 60 cents.
Stair Carpet from 23 cents up to 50 cents per yard.

SHOES! SHOES!

If you wish to get a good and substantial Shoe call on us. You will surely find something that will suit you.

Ladies' dongola plain tip and spring heel, button	$1.25 to $2.00
Ladies' dongola, opera and common sense, button, heel	1.25 to 1.50
Ladies' extra fine tipped Blucher	2.50
Ladies' russet, tipped, button	2.00
Ladies' fine pebbled buttoned; also, Misses' and Children's patent leather tipped	1.10, $1.25, 1.30
Ladies' fine surge, button or lace	1.98
Ladies' tipped and common sense Oxfords	$1.00 and 1.25
Children's tipped Oxfords	.90
Children's russet and dongola spring heel	$1.00 and 1.10
Infants' shoes from 22 cents up.	
Men's lace and congress shoes	1.25
Men's satin calf, lace or congress	2.00
Men's B calf, lace or congress	1.75
Men's tipped Blucher, extra fine	2.50
Men's fine hand-sewed, lace or congress	3.00
Men's Grecian calf, lace or congress	2.00
Men's fine Kangaroo tipped, lace or congress	3.00
Men's extra fine gossamere calf, lace or congress	1.75
Men's grain plow shoes, buckled, Ballist tongue	1.35
Mens working shoes you can get from us from .50 cents to	1.25

DRY GOODS.

Ladies, here is the place to get your dry goods.
Curtains from 75 cents $5.00 per pair.
Ladies' percale waists, light or dark, 50 cents.
Ladies' batost waists, figured and striped, with ruffled front at 74c.
White waists, all kinds of material, the latest and most fashionable styles, from 69 cents to $2.48.
Dress ginghams for 8 cents per yard and up.
Apron ginghams from 4½ to 10 cents.
Muslin in bleached or unbleached from 4½ to 10 cents.
In Calico we are stocked full of the finest, newest and most desirable in the market, at from 3 to 14 cents.
Ladies' skirt embroidery, 40 inches wide, for 48 cents and up.
Flouncing embroidery from 35 cents to 81 per yard.
A complete line of trimmings of all sorts and dresses in all styles on our shelves and counters.
Call and see them. You can't help but buy, as the bargains we are offering in the ladies line are something that you can't grasp every day.

We challenge any one to equal the intrinsic value as well as the variety and extent of our bargain offering this season. Don't wait but come at once to Yours Respectfully,

ORTH & CO.,
THE LEADERS,
GALLITZIN, PENNA.

N. B.—It may be of interest to you to say we are still deep in the grocery business.

MONARCHS AT THE PLAY.

Some Who Are Fond of Theatrical Entertainments.

Queen Victoria Has Private Performances at Windsor and Emperor William Likes to Act as Dramatic Critic.

Nothing is more remarkable than the pronounced fondness of the crowned heads of Europe for the drama. Even Queen Victoria, who from the death of the prince consort up to a year or two ago was believed to regard theatergoing in the light of a sin and the drama as a device of the devil, has now blossomed forth into an enthusiastic patron of the stage. Indeed, in proportion as her British majesty grows older in years she appears to become more youthful in her tastes, and there are few things more strange than the extraordinary interest which this septuagenarian sovereign has suddenly and at so late a period in life developed for theatrical affairs.

One of the London companies after another has been called upon to transport itself bag and baggage to Windsor for the purpose of giving performances in the presence of the queen and her court on a temporary but yet elaborate stage erected for the occasion in the superb hall known as the Waterloo gallery. The queen, according to the New York World, has even gone so far as to order one of the metropolitan troops up to Balmoral at an enormous expense for a single performance.

In the early days of her married life the queen was quite a familiar figure at the various leading theaters and was especially fond of the opera, which she would attend with a considerable amount of state, yeomen of the guard, or "beef eaters," arrayed in their picturesque medieval costume, being stationed not only at the entrance of the royal box, but also on the stage in front of the latter. The lords and gentlemen in waiting in attendance on the queen and her husband on such occasions as these were arrayed in uniform and were required to remain standing in the rear of the royal box throughout the entire performance.

The queen witnesses these performances with every possible comfort to herself. She usually enters the hall where the stage has been set up after all the others have taken their places and sits in a comfortable crimson velvet and gilt armchair slightly in advance of the remainder of the audience, with a small table by her side, on which are placed her pink satin and gold lettered programme, her fan, her handkerchief, etc. The orchestra is almost concealed by a bank of flowers and foliage. Flowers indeed abound everywhere. No applause is permitted save when initiated and led by the queen, who is, however, very liberal in her manifestations of appreciation, as well as generous in her gifts of jewelry to the artists who have especially pleased her.

Queen Victoria is the only European sovereign now living except the sultan of Turkey who adopts this method of having the theater brought to her at a comparatively large expense instead of going to it. The Turkish monarch maintains as a part of his enormous household an entire troupe of French and Belgian actors, whose principal duty is to perform the farces and dramas composed by the sultan. He does not write them himself, it is true, but contents himself with communicating his ideas of the projected piece and the character of the plot—if there is one—to the chief of the troupe, who thereupon writes the play in accordance with his imperial master's instructions. It is on the strength of this that the present commander of the "faithful" lays claim to be considered as quite a remarkable playwright.

Emperor William, of Germany, on the other hand, who is quite as passionately fond of the drama as his fellow monarchs, is a frequent visitor to the various theaters of his capital. The manager usually only receives notice of his coming a few hours beforehand. The emperor is very demonstrative in his manifestations of applause, as well as of dissatisfaction, and makes a practice of summoning the actors to the royal box between the acts for the purpose of communicating to them his criticism of the performance and his instructions as to how they should act their parts. Another feature of Emperor William's visits to the theater is the supper which he invariably partakes of during the wait previous to the last act.

The emperor of Austria is likewise a constant attendant at the Viennese theaters and rarely makes use of the royal box, preferring in lieu thereof one of the lower stage boxes. King Humbert of Italy is seldom seen at the theaters; his wife, Queen Marguerite, attends dramatic performances at least two or three times a week during the Roman season. The czar is exceedingly fond of French vaudevilles. He, too, prefers going to the theater instead of having the latter brought to him in the shape of dramatic performances at the palace.

TREES AND PLANTS.

THERE are one hundred and twenty-two different varieties of roses in a garden at Lexington, Fla.

FIFTEEN thousand oranges grew on one tree last season, at Altoona, Fla. The tree is twenty-five years old, and thirty feet high.

NEW GUINEA is extremely rich in plants, the number of species discovered in the last sixty-five years being 2,000.

ROSES are good travelers. They can be carried almost any reasonable distance at any season of the year with the certainty of arriving in good condition.

TREES are planted along the slopes of railroad cuts and banks in Austria and in other places where there is room. A recent statement shows that these plantations include about 370,000 fruit trees and 3,600,000 forest trees.

HARD TO KILL.

A Story of a Fish's Remarkable Tenacity of Life.

Dr. Shirely Palmer tells a fish story that is calculated to make the members of the St. Louis Hunting and Fishing association (to use a strictly original expression), "turn green with envy." By some hook or crook, hook no doubt, Mr. Palmer came into possession of a fine brace of tench. They were a lively pair of finny beauties when the doctor took them home with the idea of slaughtering them for his Sunday dinner. Placing them in a pail of water he put them into the larder and thought no more about the matter. That night at midnight he was aroused, so he says, by a groan proceeding from the aforesaid larder. Inspection of the room explained the mystery. One of the fish had sprung from the basin or pail and lay gasping upon the floor, every now and then uttering sounds similar to those which had disturbed Mr. Palmer. Next day both fish were prepared for dinner, but such was their tenacity of life that both, after having undergone the process of scaling and evisceration, sprang from the pan and wriggled about on the floor as though they had but recently been removed from their native element.

The above is told as a scientific fact, not as a "fish story," or in the way of a joke.

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DIDN'T PASS IN CHICAGO.

Fraudulent Bank of England Notes Which Were Accepted in Boston.

During the last one hundred and eighty-five years counterfeits have been offered at the counters of the Bank of England averaging from fifteen to twenty thousand dollars annually. In August, 1866, several notes on the institution for fifty pounds each were taken in Boston. They were of extraordinary excellence and deceived many experts, according to the Washington Star. About the same time notes of the same denomination were offered in Chicago to a broker on Washington street, who subjected them to a critical examination. While he was gazing at the water marks by holding the bills between his eye and the light the person who offered them said he would leave them for closer inspection and skipped out. Similar fifty pound notes have recently been found circulating in Antwerp and many of them have fallen into the hands of emigrants on their way to America. A large number of notes on the same concern for one hundred and five hundred pounds, dated August 16, 1853, have been offered from time to time and declared bogus. In the office of the treasurer of the United States at Washington two Bank of England notes are exhibited, framed on the wall, alongside of some artistic specimens of Uncle Sam's currency. The contrast is very striking. Whereas the bureau of engraving and printing here depends for protection against counterfeiting upon the elaborateness of its designs, the paper money which is as good as gold in England is so simple as to apparently invite imitation by the forger. There is a small amount of lettering and nothing else. However, the great financial establishment which sustains the credit of Great Britain depends upon the water marks in the paper it uses, to reproduce which would require a factory and the highest degree of mechanical skill. Furthermore, the imitation of its securities is so relentlessly punished as to seriously discourage the crime. Nevertheless, counterfeits on the Bank of England have been cashed more than once at the very counters of that concern. Such a thing happened not very long ago during a hurry of business, it being a day for the payment of dividends on the national debt. Advantage was taken of these circumstances to present twelve forgeries for fifty pounds each, which were cashed without suspicion. Many imitations of the provincial notes of Ireland have been circulated. Likewise numerous counterfeits of notes on the Bank of France have appeared from time to time. Only a few months ago a great quantity of fifty-franc and one hundred-franc bills were thrown broadcast on the market.

THE LION'S TASTE.

What the King of the Forest Finds to His Liking.

Lions and elephants were the game bagged by Mr. Selous, who, having spent twenty-one years in Africa, recently returned to London from Mashonaland. Mr. Selous confesses that he had killed one hundred elephants and twenty-five lions, says the London Graphic. His best lion story was about a mail carrier in Mashonaland. The man in question was riding one horse and leading another (which carried the mails) when the lion made his appearance and his spring. The latter demoralized the mail complement. One horse was bowled over, the other broke away without his rider and the mail carrier very naturally lost all interest in the mail.

The lion did not succeed in detaining either of the horses (they turned up next day at the fort, one very badly wounded, and without the mail bags) so he returned to the unfortunate carrier. Him the lion treed, and then sat down at the foot of the tree to await developments. Fortunately for the carrier they did not develop entirely as the lion could have wished, for the next day a caravan passed, and the lion stalked away into the bush, doubtless with an increased contempt for the refinements of civilization. The mail bags were not found for months afterward.

"Are lions fond of man meat?"

"No," said Mr. Selous, "they prefer donkeys. I think the donkeys remind them of zebras. They have no distaste for horses. But they will attack human beings. I once knew a lion to walk into a camp where I was staying and walk off with one of the policemen. I've brought his skin home—the lion's. I think it's in that corner—no it isn't. I remember, I have sent it away to be cleaned."

"Lion hunting is dangerous, isn't it?"

"It depends. One learns to run fewer risks as one gets older. When I wound a lion now I let him go. When I was younger I used to go after him. I shall do so no more."

MODERN MAXIMS.

Some Sage and Witty Sayings by a Celebrated Writer.

"It is part of the sage to make maxims. I have for some time suspected that I have arrived at the period of life when the sage is at his best, and I have now therefore tried my hand at a few useful maxims. Here they are—a mixed and miscellaneous lot. Of course, the sage at this time must be cynical in order to be popular. I hope some of these are cynical enough. Those on riches seem—to a partial parent—to be maxims really worthy of the most eastern—the most Himalayan—of sages.

"Out of ten men nine are born to work for the tenth. Resolve to be the tenth.

"Without trampling the cleverest cannot get rich.

"Dives is never an example, because nobody considers himself really rich.

"If you cannot become rich, remember the many miseries of the rich.

"The consolation of those who fail is to depreciate those who succeed.

"He who foresees never acts.

"The greatest things are done by the greatest fools.

"Wise men never attempt anything.

"When you lose a leg begin at once to practice with a wooden one.

"Men's motives are mercifully hidden by their shirt fronts.

"Observe moderation in all things—especially in virtues.

"The best way to make a man honest is to make him ashamed of being found out.

"There may be pride even in confessing mistakes.

"Every body says that gentle birth is an accident, and everybody treats it as an achievement.

"The most charming attribute of friendship is the right of candor.

"Cheerfulness may be an admirable cloak." — Walter Besant, in London Queen.

Oldest House in New York.

The oldest house in New York is at No. 22 William street. It was built in 1665 of small Holland pressed brick brought over as ballast. Just at its rear the first blood of the revolutionary war was shed in an encounter between eighty members of the Sixteenth regiment of British foot and a handful of Sons of Liberty. It was at one time a tavern and sheltered George Washington, Lafayette, Gen. Putnam and other distinguished Americans. Its lower story (the only part of its exterior which has been materially altered) is now the location of a French restaurant, well known to literary people and artists.

"A HAND SAW IS A GOOD THING, BUT NOT TO SHAVE WITH."

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SICK Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

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TURNED GRAY IN A NIGHT.

How a German's Hair Was Blanched by the Horror of Delirium.

Though it has long been a popular belief that the hair may be suddenly turned white under the influence of some very powerful emotion, such as grief or terror and though numerous stories about it are related in popular literature and folk tales, yet some physiologists are doubtful of such a sudden change ever taking place, and well authenticated instances of its actual occurrence are very rare. The case of Ovide Musin, the violinist, whose hair and beard were completely blanched as the result of a railroad wreck, is much better vouched for than most stories of the kind, though there are a few that seem to answer the requirements of the most exacting scientists. One of these quoted by the New York Advertiser is mentioned in Dr. Virchow's "Archives for April, 1866," by Dr. Landois, as occurring under the observation of himself and Dr. Lohmer. In this case the blanching of the hair occurred in a hospital in a single night while the patient was under the daily observation of the visiting physicians, and it would seem to prove beyond a doubt not only that actual grief or terror may produce this peculiar result, but that the simulated horrors of delirium may have the same effect. The patient, a compositor thirty-four years of age, with light hair and blue eyes, was admitted into the hospital July 9, 1865, suffering from an acute attack of delirium tremens. A marked peculiarity in the disease was excessive terror whenever anyone approached the patient. He slept for twelve hours on the night of the 11th of July after having taken thirty drops of laudanum. Up to this time nothing unusual had been observed regarding the hair. On the morning of July 12 it was evident to the medical attendants and to all who saw the patient that the hair of the head and beard had become gray. The patient himself remarked the change with intense astonishment. The hair remained gray as long as the patient was under observation, to September 17.

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Effective Remedy

for constipation and indigestion, and are never without them in the house."—Moses Grenier, Lowell, Mass.

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FIRE-DOCTORS OF FEZ.

How Moorish Quacks Treat Rheumatic Patients.

In Fez there are fire-doctors who sit in the more frequented streets, waiting for rheumatic patients. Each doctor, says an exchange, has a little furnace, a pair of bellows and a number of curiously-shaped iron rods before him. When not operating he solemnly and incessantly reads a book of one sentence.

"There is no God, but God, and Mohammed is his prophet."

When a patient appears the doctor lays down his book, blows up his fire with his bellows and sticks into the coals several of the rods, which are about two feet long and have queer knobs and hooks on their heated ends. While waiting for these to get hot he constantly repeats his one sentence. When all is ready the patient pays his fee, lies down on his face, and draws his clothing up on his back. "In the name of God," says the fire-doctor, and passes a red-hot rod with great deliberation over various parts of the back. It makes a "sizzling" noise, and a smell of burnt flesh fills the air. Meantime a crowd of men have collected to witness the operation. They incessantly pass their fingers through their beards and praise God and Mohammed. Frequently the patient after one operation lies still for awhile, perhaps waiting for another twinge of the disease. If it comes he perceives that he is not quite cured and demands another installment of the treatment, for which he pays another fee.

INGENIOUS SMUGGLERS.

The Post Office as an Instrument for Their Illegal Traffic.

The post office inspectors keep a sharp lookout for smuggling through the mails, says a Washington letter to the Boston Transcript. About 750 sealed packages are seized annually in the New York post office. In an average year 25,000 unsealed parcels are confiscated at the same office and released on the payment of fines which are equivalent to the duties. Some very ingenious methods are employed for transmitting dutiable articles by post. Not long ago a package from Germany was found to contain a small roll of butter. A wire passed through it met with an obstruction, which proved to be a tin box filled with valuable jewelry. Probably a dozen silk handkerchiefs are found wrapped up in newspapers in every mail from China. The skill exhibited by the postal clerks in detecting such contraband inclosures is wonderful. It seems to partake of the nature of intuition. They say they do not know themselves how they do it, but that a newspaper with a silk handkerchief in it has a sort of guilty feeling when manipulated. Silk stockings are mailed from France in the same manner. An odd kind of smuggling is the sending of mushrooms by mail from Italy. They are of a peculiar kind, dried, and are much relished by natives of that country in the United States. They come in small bags and are easily distinguished by smell.

IRELAND OF OTHER TIMES.

The Palmy Days of Dueling, Hard Drinking, Fun and Jollification.

Never was such a time of feasting and jollification as the palmy days of the Irish parliament, says All the Year Round. The county elections were a continued scene of fighting, fun and revelry. It is one continuous Donnybrook fair, and the county elector, with a good coat on his back and money clinking in his pocket,

Steps into a tent, just to spend half a crown,
Steps out, meets a friend, and for joy knocks him down
With his sprig of shillelah and shamrock so green!

With the same gayety of heart, the gentlemen fought their battles with more deadly weapons. At that time dueling was a recognized part of the social code. The "thirty-six commandments," arranged by a gentleman of Galway, formed a complete set of rules on all the punctilios of the duello. According to the printed rules of Galway, seconds, if desirous, may exchange shots at right angles to their principals, and, lest the gentlemen should have forgotten their mathematics, there is a diagram to explain how this right-angled fire is arranged. The pistol was a national weapon, the long, heavy dueling pistol, which was handed to the principal by his second, "the flints hammered and the feather-spring set." Some Irish gentlemen who had served in France tried to substitute the small sword for the pistol, and a dueling club was formed in Dublin—"a most agreeable and useful association"—the members of which styled themselves the "Knights of Tara," and who strove by practice in the fencing school and on the field of honor to bring the rapier into fashion again. But their practices were denounced as "frivolous" by the regular blazers, and national habits were too strong for the innovators. "Well hit, but no lives lost," was the bulletin most hoped for on the conclusion of a duel, for the kindly Irish nature recoiled from occasioning the death of a neighbor, and perhaps a friend, but wounds were glorious, and none could doubt the honor of one who had been winged on such an occasion.

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IN AN UNFATHOMED POOL.

Three Hundred Thousand Dollars Which Escaped Capture by Texas Bandits.

In the early part of the present century, when San Antonio, Tex., was the home of many wealthy Spaniards and the commercial center of all northern Mexico, a mule train started for that city from the City of Mexico. There were thirty mules, each loaded with eight thousand silver dollars and a considerable amount of gold coin, the total amount being about three hundred thousand dollars, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. The caravan was in charge of Capt. Palacio Flores, a prominent and trusted employe of the government. In addition to the drivers of the mule train, there were about fifty well-armed and equipped guards. The old and well-worn highway through San Luis Potosi and Monterey was taken and the dangerous mountain defiles of South Saltillo were passed without any attack on the train being made. The Rio Grande river was crossed a few miles above Laredo and the train made its way rapidly toward San Antonio. In those days the national highway passed through what is now Dimmit county, Tex., following the bank of Pena creek for several miles. On the bank of that stream was a favorite camping place, which is now called Grand Rock water hole. This hole is located at a sharp bend in the stream, and is of an unfathomable depth, as the water in it does not pass into any interior cavity. When this camping place was reached Capt. Flores decided to remain there a few days, resting the mules preparatory to making the one hundred miles still remaining between there and San Antonio. He considered that all the dangerous portion of the country had been passed through, and only left ten men on guard the first night. Even this number seemed unnecessary, as there were no signs of any attack, and no pickets were posted on the following day.

It was about noon on that day when a band of brigands suddenly rushed upon the unprotected camp out of a dense live oak thicket. Capt. Flores and his men were taking their noonday siesta when the attack was made, but they did not submit without a desperate struggle. The bags of gold and silver were piled in a heap near the deep water hole, and when Capt. Flores found that the brigands were about to get possession of the wealth he ordered the drivers to throw it all into the placid pool. The command was obeyed, and the brigands mustered every member of the mule train party with the exception of a driver named Alejandro Lajero, who succeeded in making his escape, proceeded to San Antonio, where he gave an account of the terrible adventure, a record of which was made at that time and is still in existence. His story was discredited until the parties to whom the money had been consigned made an investigation and found the bones of the victims and evidences that the bandits had made efforts to recover the wealth from the pool. Attempts were made to explore the hole, but without success. Heavy weights have been sunk to a depth of several thousand feet, but the bottom of the hole has never been reached. A few months ago James L. Morgan, an eastern capitalist and the owner of an extensive ranch in southwest Texas, was passing through Dimmit county, when he was told the story of the hidden wealth in the Grand Rock water hole. He visited the mysterious spot and became so deeply interested in the remarkable tale that he decided to make a supreme effort to explore the depth of the hole in search of the three hundred thousand dollars and recover the wealth if possible. He is now in the east superintending the construction of devices and machinery to be used in the proposed work.

A California Novelty.

One of California's novel exhibits at the world's fair will be a panoramic and allegorical representation of the geysers. The mechanical model will be thirty-two feet long, twenty-eight feet wide, and sixteen high. The allegorical figure is by Rupert Schmid. From the innermost recesses of the rocks, and pushing them apart as he ascends from the infernal regions, is a giant. The figure is about two and one-half times the size of a modern Hercules, and the sculptor has made him as formidable, powerful and terrible a looking being as the mind could conjure. He is almost in a sitting posture, one massive leg and both arms are pushing the rocks asunder, while the other leg carries the weight of his body. His eyes, mouth, low forehead and tufted beard are worthy of a demon, and his hair is as ragged as though he had been disturbed in his slumbers. To convey an adequate idea of his colossal